

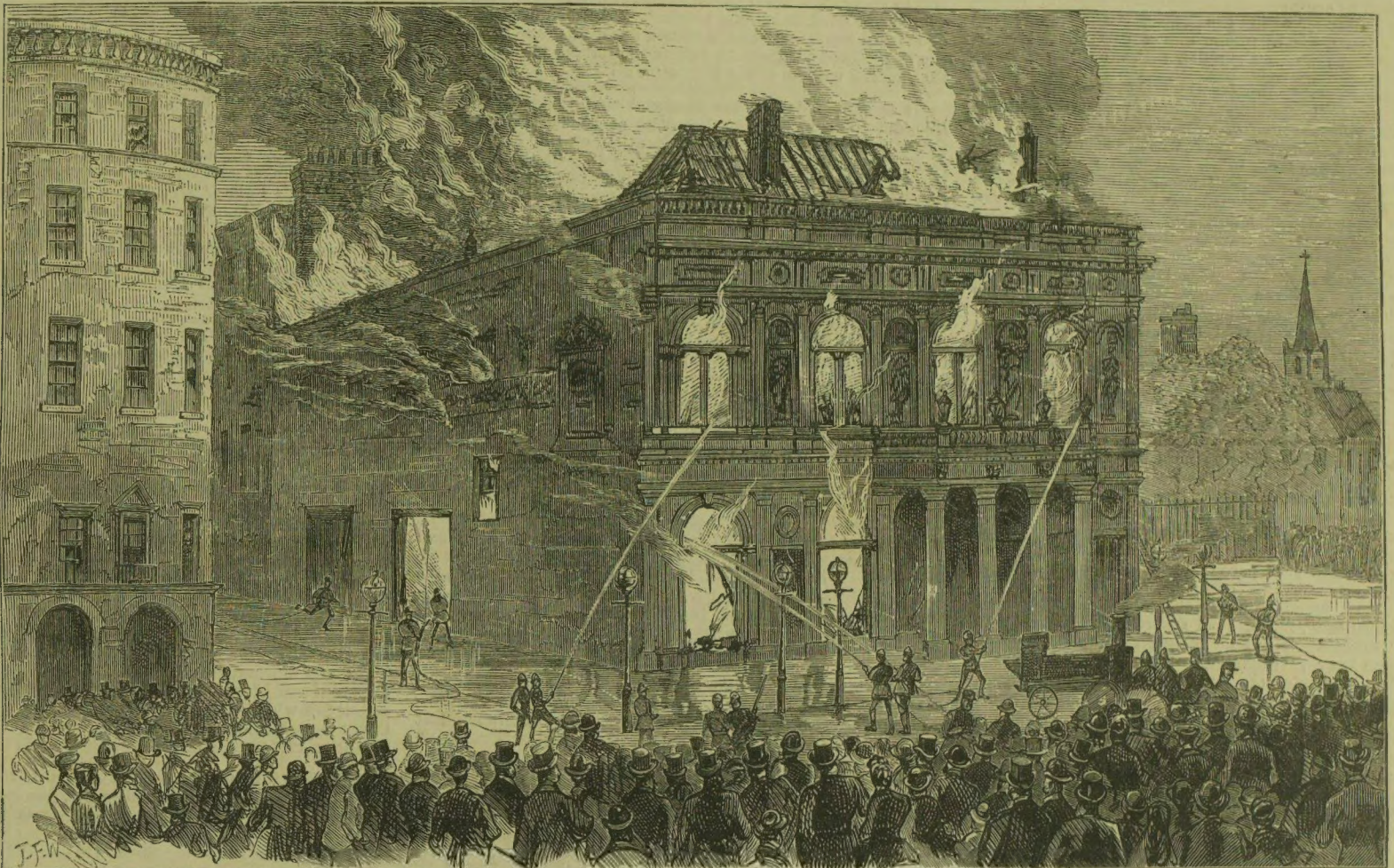
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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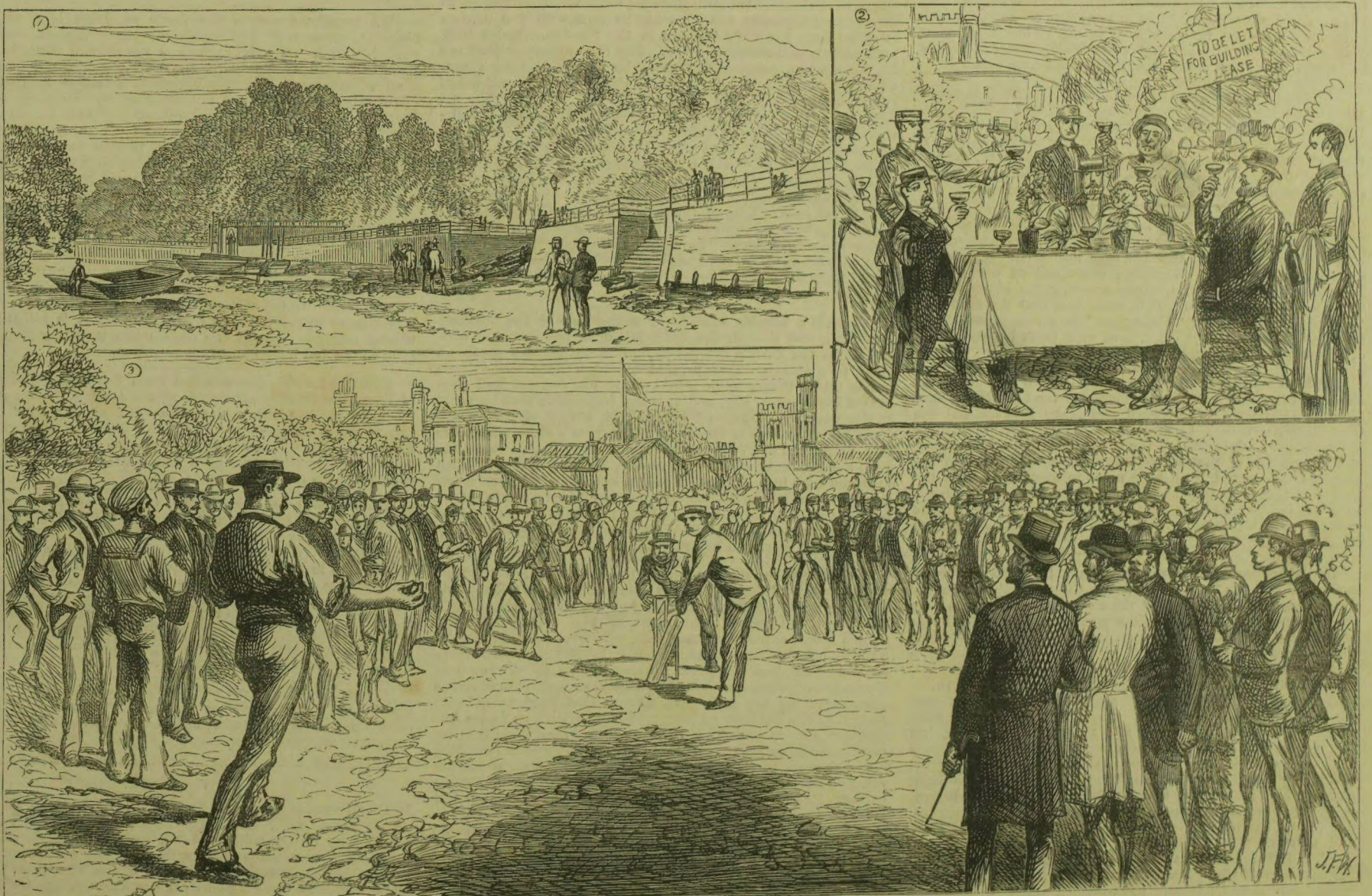
No. 2359.—VOL. LXXXV.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884.

WITH SUPPLEMENT (SIXPENCE.
AND COLOURED PORTRAIT! By Post, 6d.



BURNING OF THE EDINBURGH THEATRE ROYAL ON MONDAY LAST.



1. Bed of the River opposite the Twickenham Rowing Club.

2. Luncheon in the Bed of the River.

3. Cricket in the Bed of the River.

THE DRY SEASON: THE BED OF THE THAMES AT TWICKENHAM.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

Prince Demidoff's view of the Jewish question in Russia is gaining adherents among the most honourable representatives of Russian thought in the Moscow press, only one journal of any note refraining from indignant comments on the sanguinary outrages, entirely unprovoked as they were, at Nijni Novgorod. As an economist and as a large employer of labour, the wealthy Prince looks with eyes of benignant common-sense on the condition of the Jews in his country. His language, when appointed by the Russian Government to act on the commission of inquiry, and his subsequent writings, show a perfectly dispassionate consideration, as of one who has studied and mastered his subject. He sees in the Russian Jew of to-day—that is, in the Jew alienated by stupid laws from a surrounding population ill-taught and ill-governed—the natural result of estrangement, persecution, oppression, and restraint. The Jew in Russia is the Jew of Mediæval Europe. His character, habits, pursuits, and national idiosyncrasies are moulded to a false condition, and it is even reasonable to suppose that their abnormal peculiarities have been intensified by centuries of the continued isolation. He has been so long a stranger within the gates of civilisation, so long an exile from the fields of tillage and of harvesting, that he may well have lost the power together with the rights of toil.

The charge against the Russian Jew is the old charge—usury in various forms: "exploitation" of the peasants, drink-selling on the vilest system of credit, and so forth; all, no doubt, pitifully true. Men are what we make them; or, by unmaking, force them to be. A rough solution of the Jewish question is offered—shall we say threatened?—by a sweeping exodus. Recent accounts say that "the emigration of the Jews from Lithuania and Poland is growing to very large proportions, especially from the Governments of Kowno, Grodno, Petrikan, Warsaw, and Lomsha. From Lomsha alone four hundred Jewish families have emigrated—all of them to America." When Abbot Samson, with righteous cause, banished his "harpy Jews" from the Liberties of St. Edmundsbury—having first paid them, by-the-bye—"there were," says Carlyle, "many dry eyes at their departure." But it is ill for the nation as for the man who drives forth creditors despoiled, contemned, maltreated.

Evidence that the Russian Jew, after all, is not physically enervate and unfit for labour is furnished in the very articles of repressive persecution, as well as in the laws of utilitarianism and expediency under which Jews have been "allowed to live" in certain districts. Thus, in 1844, facilities of residence were offered to Jews of the skilled artisan class along the eastern coast of the Black Sea, in consequence of the representations made by the Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasus "respecting the utility of permitting such few workmen to reside there, their services being much required by the garrisons." Such permission, however, was invariably controlled by expediency, rather than dictated by justice. In 1846 it was "deemed expedient" to admit Jew artificers into certain sea-port towns, "though only for a time, and with the proviso that Jews, under the guise of temporary residence, shall not form permanent settlements in those places."

In the same year it was decreed, by Imperial confirmation of a decision at which a committee of Ministers had sagaciously arrived, that Jews should be permitted to undertake the construction and repair of highways passing through villages in the provinces of Moghileff and Vitebsk, where Jews were not allowed to settle; one candid reason being "the scarcity in those parts of Christian skilled workmen." Still, there was the same stipulation that they, the Jews, "shall not permanently remain in these places after the completion of the work." The injurious distinctions in these days, between Christian and Jew, modified as they may be, are in principle the same as those which were proclaimed in the sixteenth century: "Let no Jews dare to go about dressed in costly garments and decked in gold chains, and their wives in gold and silver. No Jew shall have his sword or sabre ornamented with silver; let his dress be distinctive to all. They shall wear yellow hats or caps, and their wives head-dresses of yellow linen, so that all may distinguish a Christian from a Jew."

To pass an examination at the London University is something of a triumph, for it is notoriously stiff, and Miss Dawes, who has just taken her M.A. degree at the seat of learning, may well be proud of it. It is a high distinction, and she is the first woman who has attained to it in this country, though we boast of fifty feminine B.A.s, eight Bachelors of Science, and three of Medicine.

Women are also reaping laurels in other fields, for Mrs. Lucy Mitchell, a fair American, has just written one of the best books on Greek art that has ever appeared. She delved deep in the mines of knowledge contained in our British Museum, and also in Berlin, where savants gathered round her in wondering admiration. It is said, too, that the author of "Fair Rosamond" and "Callirrhoe" is a woman, who, like George Sand and George Eliot, first went forth into the fields of literature under the ægis of a masculine name.

Sir John Whittaker Ellis may be pardoned if he thinks that the times are out of joint, for on Thursday the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, attended by the Sword and Mace Bearers and the City Marshal, betook themselves to Winchester, and there assisted in the celebration of the seven-hundredth anniversary of the creation of that municipality, the most ancient in the kingdom. It would have been more in accordance with the fitness of things if this had come to pass when Lord Mayor Ellis was in office, as he is a Hampshire man, and such a State visit from him would have been hailed as a welcome "Return of the Native."

Imposture has its friends among honest folk who are "open to conviction," are "willing to argue the point," to "see for themselves," and so forth. If the cleverly-roguish or merely stupid propounder of the baldest paradox or veriest "botch of a creed" will only peg away, his persevering impudence will in time gather round him, by ones, twos, and threes, a most useful crowd of "unprejudiced inquirers." Bit by bit, many of these—or, say, only a few—will surrender their intelligence, and join the ignoble army of mountebanks and charlatans. Thus the thing grows. It is the history, over and over again, of all the false prophets, all the pretenders, impostors, claimants, and quacks since the trade of cozening began. Autolycus and his tribe, really very simple cheats, not in the least endowed with light and leading, manage to take-in men and women of brains, whose fault is that they are only too frank and unsuspecting. Joe Smith, as an ingenious writer observed, thirty years ago and upward, was probably the stupidest man who ever lived. But his muddle-headed, nonsensical jargon found "interpreters" who placed it on a level of debate. There have been sound, clear, hard-headed men among the Mormons; but it should not be forgotten that the first to dream of Mormonism was the martyred prophet of Illinois, poor demented Joe.

"Thought-reading," with all its persistent shiftiness and sham-candour, is not one thousandth part so respectable as the crack-brained theology of the poor ignorant fanatic, brutally murdered in prison by a mob of jail-breakers. Nor do the tricksters who make larger demands on our credulity than ever Joe Smith attempted to impose on the faith of his followers run any risk of martyrdom. But in one respect the two kinds of imposture are much alike. Both depend for their existence on a class of more or less honourable dupes and more or less innocent decoys. Without such aid and abetting as these good people render, no fraud of the kind would have a week's chance of life. Does it never for an instant occur to the unconscious friends and supporters of mischievous trickery that it really is nobody's business to "account for" mock-miracles and hocus-pocus phenomena? Do any of us who marvel at the performances of Psycho and Zoe conceive it our duty either to find out how the wonderful feats are done, or else, as an inevitable alternative, to admit that they are what our honest forefathers called "magic," and what black men call "obeah" and "fetish"? When we cannot guess a riddle we reasonably "give it up." But to own that we are puzzled is one thing; and to accord our belief in the supernatural gifts of the person who has puzzled us is quite another. That men of science and of marked ratiocinative skill should often be prone to fall into the trap baited for them by vulgar charlatans is a sad proof that human wisdom is but folly after all.

It is supposed that the National Gallery has acquired a splendid little picture by Giorgione at the sale of the Leigh Court treasures. It is an "Adoration of the Magi," and figured in the catalogue under the name of John Bellini, though some of the best judges attribute it to the "George of Georges," and declare that it was marvellously cheap at 365 guineas.

France and England count for a great deal in the counsels of Japan. The Mikado has modelled his army on that of the former country; but for naval purposes the British tar is his *beau idéal*, and it is by his desire that young Prince Yamashina, after learning all he can in the Naval College at Tokio, has come over to England, where he will be allowed to go through the usual course in one of our men-of-war.

Ornithologists have been quite excited by the capture of a Scops Owl, a few days ago, at Stokes Bay. It is a native of Southern Europe and North Africa, and rarely visits our shores. The first notice recorded of its appearance here was in 1805, and since then it has been seen about twenty times.

Lord Edward Cavendish and his brother officers gave a ball last Friday night on Fairfield-common, near Buxton, 1200 ft. above the sea level. All the élite of Derbyshire went and danced merrily till "Phœbus 'gan arise," when they went by divers ways to their several homes, hoping that similar hops in the highlands may be given in future years. In such a season as the present, which does not absorb all county families into the vortex of London life, festivities of this kind are most welcome and popular.

There is a process known to persons who are driven to many expedients in order to kill time as cutting holes and sewing them up again, and its parallel was carried out vigorously last Wednesday by the Royal Engineers, in Porchester Creek. A charge of gun-cotton weighing about one hundred pounds was exploded thirty feet below the surface, the object being to see how much damage would be inflicted on the machinery of a large torpedo-lighter moored a hundred feet away. There has not been time since to thoroughly overhaul her, but it is supposed that her gear has suffered considerably from the concussion. The experiment must have cost a good deal of money, but the rulers of the "Queen's Navee" know pretty well what John Bull can and what he cannot afford.

Shorncliffe Camp was at its best and brightest on Friday afternoon, last week, when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is the Colonel of the 10th Hussars, went, with the Princess, to inspect that regiment and present the men with the medals awarded them for their exploits in the Soudan, whence they returned about two months ago. The Royal party drove from the station in a carriage-and-four, the Prince looking somewhat worn and fatigued; and the Princess, who still wears mourning, apparently in good health and spirits. She sat with Lady Suffield, near the saluting-post, during the inspection; while Major-General Newdigate, Colonel Teesdale, and General Sir Dighton Probyn formed a little group behind them. When it was over, the Prince, in a short but cordial speech, welcomed the regiment home; and the Princess distributed the well-earned decorations, first to the officers and then to the men. Four of the latter who are still invalids were brought on to the ground in an ambulance conveyance; and the widow of a sergeant who "foremost fighting fell" on the battlefield was brought forward and received her dead husband's medal from the gentle hands of England's future Queen, with a few words of warmest sympathy.

There is a terrible scarcity of males among the Spanish Bourbons, and though the Salic law does not bar the succession to the Crown in the female line the country prefers a King to a Queen. The present Monarch does not feel so secure on his throne as he would do if his consort had presented him with a son, and it is not impossible that his right to reign may be disputed by a gallant young officer in the Brazilian army who is the son of his mother's elder sister, the first-born child of Ferdinand VII. and his Queen, Christine. Like her namesake of the present day, the wife of that Spanish monarch bore him daughters only; but at a moment when hope that she might become the mother of a son was at its height, the baby Infanta died, after a brief illness. The second child also proved to be a daughter, and the King ultimately died without leaving a heir male.

Now comes the strange part of the story. About the time when the little Princess died (or disappeared), the Château de Payanne, in the Département des Landes, was purchased by a foreigner, and speedily inhabited by two elderly servants, named Morales, husband and wife, who were accompanied by a nurse, a Gallician peasant, and a baby-girl less than a year old. The child as she grew up was known by the name of Maria-Concepcion, and was frequently visited by mysterious personages till her fifth year. From that time an old nun resided at the Château as her governess; and when Maria was eighteen she was married to a Monsieur Lafargue, a timber-merchant at Bordeaux, who spent the fortune he received with her and died, leaving her a destitute widow with a son six years of age. Poor Madame Lafargue applied for assistance to her foster-mother, now also a widow, who had left Payannes and lived near Madrid; but she could do little to help her; so the young woman went to Bayonne, where she opened a small shop for the sale of firewood and matches, lived in the small room behind, and sent her boy to the convent school of the *quartier*.

After fifteen years of this existence old Madame Morales died, leaving her foster-child about £1000 and certain documents, from which she discovered the secret of her birth. She

then learnt for the first time that she was the eldest child of Ferdinand VII. and his Queen, sacrificed for a possible brother, who never appeared; so, after choosing a person to carry on her shop, she went to Madrid and took the necessary steps to prove her own identity, solely in the interests of her son. This was in 1865, and she remained for two years in the capital, but at the end of that time was expelled from Spanish soil, and conducted across the frontier. Most of her money was gone, but, nothing daunted, Madame Lafargue returned to her shop at Bayonne, added a small grocery business to it, and spared no pains to obtain a hearing in other quarters. In 1875 Don Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, paid his last visit to Europe, and went to Biarritz. On the quay at Bayonne, where he landed, the Brazilian Consul received his Imperial master, and presented to him Madame Lafargue and her son. The Emperor addressed her as "My dear Aunt," took both with him in his carriage to Biarritz, and retained them as his guests during the three days he spent there. On his return to Madrid it is supposed that some arrangement was made about the position of these relatives, and two months afterwards the Brazilian Consul saw mother and son off on board a steamer of the Messageries Maritimes for Rio de Janeiro, where the young man was soon appointed to the colonelcy of a regiment. He is now about five-and-thirty.

There has been no pleasanter gathering in all London this season than the Royal Academy soirée. All the lions of the day were there, and if they did not exactly roar they said pretty things to one another. Archbishop Trench looked happy and at home in his brown garments, and Mr. Haweis seemed to know and be known by everyone. Mr. Anstey received the congratulations of many friends on the success of "The Giant's Robe;" Mrs. Hamo Thorneycroft, only just returned from her honeymoon trip, came in her artistic wedding-dress of soft creamy silk; Mrs. Alma Tadema wore a lovely combination of maize silk and India muslin, with which her bouquet of honeysuckle harmonised beautifully. Mr. Browning and Mr. Matthew Arnold represented poetry, and Mr. Beit and Mr. Verheyden well-nigh trod on one another's heels.

"Mr. Bradlaugh's Parliamentary career," as the *Times* facetiously calls the unparliamentary proceedings of Mr. Bradlaugh, has received a check; but even at the moment when the verdict was given it would have been extremely rash to presume that the check was more than a check, or that it has silenced the seatless member for Northampton. Thousands who detest his principles, who deplore their popularity among the artisan class, and who would gladly exert all fair means to keep him out of the Commons' House, will be as little satisfied as Mr. Bradlaugh himself, and as Mr. Bradlaugh's friends and supporters, with the intangible fruits of this unreal action. Every grave issue remains undecided, and scarcely a single point of any true and lasting consequence is touched. We are reminded of Fox's objection to the oath, that it is useless "when the breach of the particular duty will entail sufficient punishment." This is an argument against affirming, equally with swearing. If it is needless to exact an oath from every man, on his coming of age, that he will do no murder, so is it just as unnecessary to call on him for any form of promise that he will abstain from crime, the penalty of which is abundantly deterrent. But the House of Commons is hardly prepared to admit all and sundry on the open condition that if they are treasonable it will be at their peril.

Did the inhabitants of Hamelin think as much of the legend of the Pied Piper before Mr. Browning unearthed it as they do now; or did the celebration of last Saturday and Sunday owe its existence to the British poet? This is a question for the Browning Society to solve at its next meeting. No doubt the children enjoyed being disguised as rats, and their elders were even happier at the succeeding banquet and ball than during the tableaux. The introduction of the electric light was a sort of illumination of the dark ages by the lightning that modern men have taken prisoner and compelled to do their bidding.

We usually associate the name of Irish lace with the elaborate crochet-work of the north—the rose, point, and other varieties made exclusively with a needle and thread in the neighbourhood of Youghal; the Carrickmacross, which is a kind of appliqué; and the Limerick, which is formed by a chain-stitch pattern on a net foundation. In county Mayo there is, however, a colony of pillow-lace makers who work chiefly at edgings, cheaper and far more durable than embroidery or frilling, and if English women would inquire for and use these narrow laces as trimmings they would indeed be helping the wives and daughters of "Ould Ireland."

There is a fashion even in the breed and perfections of the faithful hounds who are the true friends and companions of man, and the otter or "Dachshund" may be termed "the dog of the period." The curious thing is that the otter itself will soon become as extinct as the dodo. It always retreats before the advance of civilisation, and, unless artificially preserved, is now rarely seen on our river banks. When one by any chance appears on the Upper Thames it is killed in the fishing interest, though the days when it was a formidable rival to the rod have long since vanished.

Comfort for chaperons flowed from the lips of the Bishop of Truro last Sunday afternoon at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, when he observed that weary parents, who go into society merely for the sake of their children, deserved sympathy and kindness. He is a far-seeing man, and the Duchy of Cornwall ought to be proud of a Chief Shepherd who has the courage of his social opinions.

Nothing ever was more fitting than that both the sons of our Poet Laureate should have been married in Westminster Abbey. Beauty should go beautifully, according to the Tennysonian creed; and where can it go more fitly to its bridal than in the magnificent old fane dedicated to St. Peter? The curious thing the other day was the absence of the clan Tennyson, save in its younger branches; and yet they formed a goodly company once upon a time, and the parents named a son "Septimus" with some pride. There was latent genius in all the brothers: some had the gift of speech and some had not, and therein lay the difference.

Canon Birch has gone over to the great majority. He was a good man; and the Prince of Wales always retained a warm affection for his old tutor, and regrets him as men do regret their true friends.

NEW STORY.

In the present number, the first of a New Volume, is begun an Original Tale, entitled "Ropes of Sand," by R. E. Francillon, to be continued weekly until completed. We cordially acknowledge the courtesy of the author and publishers (Messrs. Bentley and Son) of an anonymous novel which appeared some time ago and was also called "Ropes of Sand," for their ready permission to use a title which had been adopted and announced without knowledge of its having been previously employed.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I wonder whether it was Mr. Dan Godfrey or Mr. Fred. Godfrey, or haply Herr Donnerschlag, conductor of the Royal and Imperial German Green Baize Band, who, on Tuesday afternoon last, made for a considerable time existence a burden to me. When you are engaged in writing a leading article, the composition of which demands deep thought and patient research—when you are half through an essay, say on the amazing wickedness of a Board Schoolmistress at Chokechild-on-Cramwell in thrice rapping a little girl's knuckles for going astray in her definition of abstract nouns, or when you are penning the opening paragraph of a racy description of the recent discovery of a tom-cat in a gaspipe at Pugley-in-the-Hole, you require peace and quiet around you; and you strongly object to being driven half frantic by the braying and brangling of a brass band seemingly close under your back windows. That was my lot on Tuesday afternoon, July 1.

The boys of the Foundling Hospital have a capital brass band, and are much given to making music at this time of the year; but the booming of the big drum beneath was far too strong to emanate from any juvenile executant. Confound that drum; and the trombones, and bassoons, and cornets, to boot! I feel certain that the dreadful noise made by these blatant instruments caused me to omit at least three relative pronouns in the article on the Chokechild-on-Cramwell Board School case, and robbed the paper on the cat in the gaspipe of half its piquancy. The musicians were to me wholly invisible, for it is my fortune to work in a garret looking down on thickets of tall old trees, and the last days of June were very leafy. I was, however, consoled for all the ear-splitting, brain-benumbing misery which the invisible brass band had inflicted upon me by reading in the morning papers of July 2 that, on the previous afternoon, her Royal Highness Princess Louise had performed the ceremony of throwing open, for public use and enjoyment for ever, St. George's Gardens, adjoining the Foundling Hospital. It must have been in St. George's Gardens, then, that the brass band was braying. Bless that band! I had not the slightest idea of the joyful and beneficent occasion which the instrumentalists were celebrating.

It is the Kyrle Society who have brought this good work to a successful issue. The newly-created pleasaunce has been long a deserted and ruinous burying-ground of a most unlovely aspect. It is now laid out in a long narrow strip of ground, tastefully arranged in walks and overshadowed by trees. The Kyrle Society have not succeeded in including another adjacent and disused graveyard in their scheme of improvement. However, one more open space has been secured as a children's playground in this crowded neighbourhood, and the boon must therefore be considered as a very appreciable one. It may be that my immediate neighbours, will be, not only generally, but selfishly glad that the Kyrle Society have been able to open St. George's Gardens. On the north side of the Square which I take the liberty to inhabit there is No Thoroughfare. The way is estopped by the railing of the back-gardens of the Foundling. The fond parents of the children in the slums of Gray's-inn-road have, during my seven years' occupancy of No. Ninety-nine A—Square, W.C., been in the habit of sending their offspring to play on the No Thoroughfare side of the square. It is comforting to think that the urchins are in no danger there of being run over. On the other hand it is painful to have to record that, as a rule, the manners of these poor little things are very unseemly, and their language is simply horrible. How could it be otherwise, looking at the dens in which they live? In St. George's Gardens, I suppose, there will be some kind of representative of beadledom to preserve order.

The Cholera. There is a story with a very significant moral to it told in the Paris correspondence of the *Weekly Dispatch* about an Arab Sheikh who, pursuing on horseback his way to Damascus, gave a lift to an old haggard and ragged woman, whom he had found lying, convulsed with pain, at the foot of a palm-tree. This ancient crone told the Sheikh, incidentally, that she was the Cholera, and that it was by Allah's will that she was going to Damascus; but, in consideration of the kindness which she received, she promised that she would slay only sixty persons there. Soon after her arrival the pestilence broke out, and the people died like sheep with the rot. The Sheikh chanced to meet the hag, and reproached her with her breach of faith. "Not so," quoth Dame Cholera, "I kept my word. I killed only sixty. *Fear killed the rest.*"

If you want the moral of this apologue, look at what is going on at Toulon and Marseilles, and, to a smaller extent, throughout the South of France. Fear, pusillanimous fear, of the cholera has become a panic, a craze, a frenzy. The people are flying by thousands from the cities which they believe to be infected. Hotel-keepers are dismissing their servants; tradesmen, their assistants; and bankers, their clerks. If we wish to bring home the moral to ourselves, it might, I should say, resolve itself into this formula:—"Put your trust in Providence; keep yourselves and your houses scrupulously clean; don't eat any uncooked fruit after midday; encourage the smoking of tobacco (during the cholera outbreak of 1832 not a single tobaccoist died of the malady); read very carefully Dr. Tanner's 'Index of Diseases,' revised by Dr. Broadbent (London: H. R. Renshaw), Art. Cholera; don't drink water of the provenance of which you have no knowledge; have a filter at home; wear a woollen or silken sash round your waist next to your skin; keep plenty of camphor about; don't fly in a passion with anybody; and don't 'funk.'" "Funk" (forgive the slang) is the most abject form of fear, and in innumerable cholera cases has been fatal.

I am awaiting with much curiosity the opening of the Chinese restaurant at the International Health Exhibition; but although several "chowchow" dogs have arrived in this country, I scarcely expect that edible bow-wow will form a feature

in the Celestial menu at South Kensington. I find in Mr. Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog" (London, Cassell and Co.), p. 512, that in China dogs are chiefly eaten by the very poorest classes of the population, and are rarely if ever consumed by the upper and middle classes. Archdeacon Gray, indeed, mentions restaurants in Canton, patronised by mechanics and others, where "black dog cooked in every style" is procurable at any hour. The following is rather an alarming bill-of-fare translated by Archdeacon Gray:—

Cat's flesh, one basin	10 cents
Congee, one basin	2 cents
Black dog's grease	1 tael, 4 cents
Black dog's eyes, one pair	4 cents

"All guests dining at this restaurant are requested to be punctual in their payments." I should say so. The turpitude of that unknown malefactor who "ate the puppy pie underneath Marlow-bridge" would be as naught in comparison with the depravity of the wretch who bilked the black dog cookshop at Canton.

The person who has written me a long and bitter letter about the Battle of Waterloo and a Waterloo Veteran who died some two months ago in the workhouse may be reminded that I decline to reply to anonymous communications. Why a person who in writing a letter expresses certain opinions should be wanting in the courage of those opinions by omitting to sign his name to that which he writes puzzles me.

A correspondent who does favour me with his name, "F. S.," Sutton Bridge, writes:

In the "Echoes" of, I believe, the 31st ult., you made use of the word "lengthy." And again, you describe the speech of Mr Sawyer (at the Cab-Drivers' Dinner) as "slightly too lengthy." Dean Alford, I think, in his papers on "The Queen's English," calls the word an abomination, and asks whether, on the same principle, something cannot be said in favour of "strongly."

It is not for me but for learned philologists such as Professor Skeat and Mr. Fitzedward Hall to explain and to defend the anomalies of the English language. In writing and speaking I am content to use such words as I find in the works of approved writers of English. Thus, I find "lengthy" in Gibbon:—"For more lengthy and original dissertations, which reading or reflection may give rise to, I shall make a separate collection." And Byron, writing in 1813, observes—"Murray will send, or has sent, a double copy of the Bride and Giaour; in the last one some lengthy additions." Hyde Clarke ("Dictionary of the English Language as Spoken and Written") defines "lengthy" as "rather long, tiresome, lanky"; and Chambers ("Etymological Dictionary of the English Language") gives admission to "lengthy," "lengthily," and "lengthiness." I never read Dean Alford's papers on "The Queen's English"; but was not that publication met by a retort, entitled "The Dean's English," by one Mr. Washington Moon?

Mem.: From the circumstance that George Washington has alluded to "lengthy periods," and Thomas Jefferson to "lengthy details," it has sometimes been assumed that the word which Dean Alford stigmatised as "an abomination" is an Americanism; but the editors of the latest edition of Webster consider this assumption to be very doubtful. "Lengthy," is now used to a considerable extent by English writers; and the citation given from Gibbon is the earliest known instance of its occurrence." But Gibbon could scarcely have coined the word; and it is certainly not a Gallicism.

But here is, to all appearance, a brand new Americanism. The Editor of the *New York Sun* has made the discovery (in a leading article) that "the most hebetudinous crank anywhere between the bounds of latitude and longitude lives in the town of Cleveland, and edits a newspaper called the *Leader*."

"A hebetudinous crank!" It sounds more sweet than "a profligate parallelopipedon," or "an irresponsible rhyphophagon." The *New York Puck*, one of the wisest as well as the wittiest of the journals published on the American continent, has published an extremely funny poem, called "The Wail of the Hebetudinous." I regret that I cannot quote the thirteen stanzas of this delightfully droll lay, but I must find space for three:—

Oh put me away in a graveyard cool,
Amid verdure damp and dank;
For I am the man whom Dana called
A Hebetudinous Crank!

I have been a very bad man, I know,
I have murdered my fair young bride,
And hammered the head of my cooing babe,
And spread him out flat at her side.

I've committed arson and burglary,
I have busted full many a bank;
But what in the world have I done to be called
A Hebetudinous Crank?

Mr. Dana may, it is true, plead that the term which he has applied to the editor of the Cleveland *Leader* is made up of one very old English and another doubtfully English word. A "crank" originally meant a sick person; and Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," speaks of "counterfeit cranks," or persons who sham sickness. As for "hebetudinous," the only justification for the coining such an adjective would seem to be in the fact that Harvey speaks of "hebetude" (Lat. *hebetudo*, from *hebes*, dull), as a state of dulness and stupidity; and that in a colloquy between Pope and Arbuthnot there occurs, "Beef may confer a robustness on the limbs of my son, but will *hebetate* and clog his intellects." Medical English, clearly. A halfpennyworth of Anglo-Saxon to an intolerable deal of Latin.

"D. C." or "O. C." sends me a cutting from a West Indian paper containing an inquiry as to the origin of the saying "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." To this query is appended the editorial remark, "The saying is a very common one; but we cannot put our finger on it just now." Then John Wesley's "Sermon on Dress" is quoted to the effect that "Cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness." But in that most useful little

book, "Familiar English Quotations" (London, Whittaker and Co.), it is pointed out that the origin of the location in question cannot be traced with certainty. It is not in the Scriptures; although a well-known public speaker, at an Exeter Hall meeting, said once "Cleanliness was next to godliness," said the Apostle." In Chambers's "Book of Days" (vol. II. p. 206), the Rev. Rowland Hill is made to use the saying thus: "Good Mr. Whitfield used to say, 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness.'" You that are Hebrew scholars, turn up your Talmuds. I do not know Hebrew, and have only a "popular selection" from the Talmud, and it is destitute of an index. Some writers (according to the Editor of "Familiar English Quotations") hold that the idea embodied in "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" is derived from a Hebrew sentence.

A nod is said to be as good as a wink to a blind horse; but to Mr. Wilson Barrett, who seems to have eyes all over him, as the frogs were in former times erroneously supposed to have, the very slightest of winks seems susceptible of being translated into the broadest of hints. A week or two since a Spanish correspondent told me that a drama called "La Pasionaria" was causing great excitement in Spain. He wished to know whether the play had been translated into English. Presently I learn that Mr. Wilson Barrett has secured the entire right for England and America of the new drama written by Señor Leopoldo Cano y Masas, called "La Pasionaria." Bravo, Mr. Wilson Barrett. But, esteemed lessee and manager of the Royal Princess's Theatre, are you aware that at Radicofani, in Italy, a new sensational drama, in seven acts and thirteen tableaux, entitled "L'Impresario Scaltrissimo," written by Signori Panciarotto and Nasofino, is enjoying a tremendous run. There are characters in the play to suit every member, male and female, of the Princess's company, and the soliloquy of of "L'Impresario," when he is discovered sitting among the ruins of La Scala, with the San Carlo on fire in the background, is said to be one of the finest pieces of blank verse that has been written since Alfieri's time. I think that I could procure the exclusive right of the piece for a song.

I thought so. The *Daily News* erred in killing the whole of the Braham family; and my very old friend Major Augustus Braham is yet in the land of the living—*vivant et très vivant*. I have the gratifying assurance under his own hand. When I was a small boy, seven-and-forty years ago, Augustus Braham was a dashing young subaltern of foot. His elder brother, John Hamilton Braham, was an undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge; and, in my mind's eye, I can see Miss Frances Braham, afterwards to be the Countess Waldegrave, in 1836, the prettiest of young girls, in a pit-box at the St. James's Theatre. I remember other pretty girls on the stage of the same theatre in the same time. Mrs. Stirling, in brown velvet, cross-gartered, and with a sugar-loaf hat brave in ribbons, playing Pascal Bruno, the Italian brigand; Miss P. Horton (Mrs. German Reed) playing in one of Gilbert & Beckett's capital burlesques; Miss Laura Alison, afterwards Mrs. Seymour. Likewise an exceedingly pretty "Colleen Bawn"-looking lady dramatist, Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall, who wrote for manager John Braham a drama called "The French Refugee." Do you mind the old times, Major Augustus Braham? "*Dis moi, soldat, dis moi, t'en souviens tu?*"

Not the less was I distressed and discouraged, dining out the other evening in the pleasantest of *petits comités*, to hear one of the most illustrious of living English surgeons gravely declare that, in his opinion, the memory of old people respecting the events of their youth was generally worthless. All that they had to tell touching public affairs, he remarked, had been told before, in print, and was accessible if we only took the trouble to search for it.

There is a story told of that patriotic Chief Magistrate and excellent man, Abraham Lincoln, to the effect that, soon after his installation at the White House, Washington, a strong-minded American lady called upon him and imperiously demanded public appointments for her three sons, basing her request on the plea that she had been mainly instrumental in securing the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States. "Is that so, ma'am?" asked the President. "That's so, Sir," replied the lady. "Well, ma'am," went on Mr. Lincoln, "you've got me into a nice mess, anyhow." *Longo intervallo*, I have got myself into the nicest of messes through having, in sheer innocence of heart, drawn attention in this page to the "Cycle Directory." Since the day when, in terms of justifiable commendation, I mentioned the useful publication in question, it has rained, hailed, and snowed in this house books, pamphlets, and periodicals all about cycling. The "Cyclist," the "Tri-Cyclist," the "Wheel World," the "Complete Guide to Bicycling," "Bicycles and Tricycles, Past and Present," the "Wheelman's Song"—all these, and much more wheel lore have brought me unutterable woe. Good people, please not to send me any more wheel-books. Life is not long enough to read them.

I am not yet happy in my mind about the real meaning of Diadumené, although several learned Thebans have kindly volunteered to enlighten my ignorance. One, L. T., tells me jauntily that "Diadumené" means a girl tying up her hair. But there are three Greek words signifying the binding up the hair with a fillet, and not one of them has any connection with "Diadem." Another (and most terribly learned) Theban says that Walker, in his "Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek" (London, 1812), gives "Diadumenus," and also the feminine form "Diaduménia"; whereas Zedder (Univ. Lex. 1734) writes the male name "Diadumenus," "Diadumenianus," or "Diadematus." But adds (R. C.) my terribly learned correspondent, "the name on the copper coin in the British Museum is 'Diadumenianus,' which may be translated 'as one who surmounts difficulties.'" Surely a young lady who is "doing up her back hair" has no very great difficulties to surmount.

G. A. S.



1. Roman Urns dug up at Hyde Close.

2. Monk's Settle and Charcoal-pan.

3. Shrine of Kynegils and Adulphus, Saxon Kings.

4. Seal of Edward I.

5. Rings of William Rufus, Bishop Fox, and Bishop Gardiner.

6. Warder's Horn of Winchester Castle.

7. Black Jacks, candle-sticks, and salt-holders of Cardinal Beaufort's time.

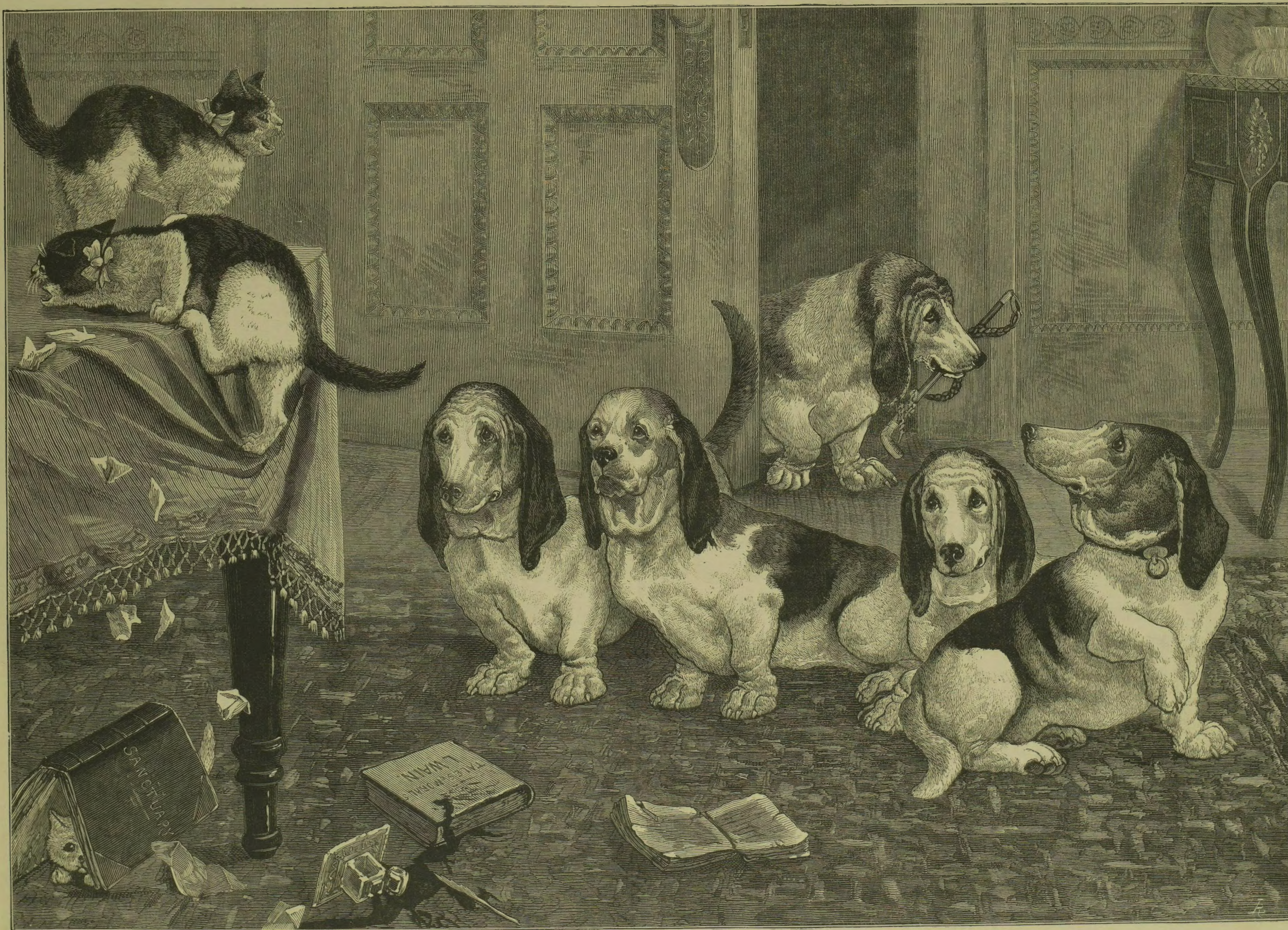
8. Standard Weights and Measures.

9. West end of the Castle Hall, and Arthur's Round Table.

10. Back view of Arthur's Round Table.

11. Marriage Chair of Queen Mary.

12. The Dole of St. Cross Hospital.



A NEW DOG-FANCY THE BASSETT HOUNDS.

BIRTH.

On the 27th ult., at Buenos Ayres, the wife of Juan Drysdale of a son. (By cable.)

MARRIAGE.

At Elm Bank, Montreal, by the Rev. Edgar Hill, assisted by the Rev. James Hally, Hugh Paton, Esq., to Isabella, fifth daughter of Andrew Robertson, Esq.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 12.

SUNDAY, JULY 6.
Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Lessons: I. Sam. xii. 1-26. Evening Lessons: I. Sam. xiii., or Ruth i.; Matt. i. 18. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Dean of Peterborough; 8 p.m., Canon Westcott; 7 p.m., Bishop of Manchester.
St. James's, noon, Rev. J. E. Sheppard, the Sub-Dean.
Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. W. W. Merry.
Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White; 7 p.m., Rev. R. D. Cocking.
Princess Victoria of Wales born, 1868.

MONDAY, JULY 7.
Leyce to be held by the Prince of Wales, St. James's, 2 p.m.
Royal Institution, general monthly meeting, 5 p.m.
British Museum, South Kensington, Swiney Lecture, 4 p.m., Dr. R. Traquair on Amphibia and Reptiles (especially Fossil Forms), and on Wednesday and Friday.

TUESDAY, JULY 8.
Full moon, 10.10 a.m.
Horticultural Society, 11 a.m.
Races: Liverpool and Windsor Meetings.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9.
St. Anne's Society, foundation of new schools at Redhill, to be laid by the Prince of Wales.
United Service Institution, 3 p.m., Major F. Graves on Cavalry in Modern War.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON
SEAFORD
EASTBOURNE
ST. LEONARDS
HASTINGS
WORTHINGTON
LITTLEHAMPTON
BRIGHTON
HAYLING ISLAND
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-Road) and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets from London available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.
Improved Train Services.
Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.

BRIGHTON—Cheap Day Tickets every Weekday.
From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EASTBOURNE.
Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily by Fast Trains from London Bridge, Weekdays 10.10 a.m., and Sundays 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon.
From Victoria, Weekdays 9.55 a.m., and Sundays 9.20 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.
From Kensington (Addison-road), Weekdays 9.40 a.m., and Sundays 9.10 a.m. Fare, 10s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via

NEUCHÂTEAU, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
EXPRESS DAY SERVICE EVERY WEEK DAY AS UNDER:—
Victoria Station. London Bridge Station. Paris.
Saturday, July 6 Dep. 10 5 a.m. Arr. 10 30 p.m.
Monday " 7 " 11 30 " " 11 35 " " 12 20 p.m.
Tuesday " 8 " 8 10 " " 8 20 " " 6 40 p.m.
Wednesday " 9 " 8 45 " " 8 50 " " 6 40 " "
Thursday " 10 " 8 45 " " 8 50 " " 6 40 " "
Friday " 11 " 8 45 " " 8 50 " " 6 40 " "
EXPRESS NIGHT SERVICE.—From Victoria, 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge, 8.0 p.m., every Weekday and Sunday.
Fares—London to Paris and Back. 1st Class, £2 15s. 0d. 2nd Class, £1 19s. 0d.
Available for Return within One Month.
Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.
The Normandy and Brittany, Splendid Fast Rapid-steamers, accomplish the passage between London and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Neuchâtel and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton
Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNOTT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An
IMPROVED SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are ISSUED by all Trains.
Tourist Tickets are also issued from Liverpool-street by the New Route to Scarborough, Fliley, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.
A Cheap Day Trip to the Seaside, by Excursion Train from Liverpool-street to Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Harwich, every Sunday at 8.40 a.m., and every Monday at 7 a.m., calling at Stratford. Fare, 8s., 5s., 4s.
For full Particulars see Bills and the Company's Time-tables.
London, July, 1884. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

SWISS POSTAL SERVICE.—During the Summer Season will be commenced the complete Alpine route, as follows:—The Simplon, Spilgen, Bernadina, Brünig, Furka, Oberalp, Schyn, Julier, Albula, Flüela, Lukmanier, Landwasser, Landquart, Bernina, Maloja, Engadine-Tirol, Aigle, Chateau d'Oer, St. Gallen, Thurgau, and Bruggen Einsiedeln.
A regular Postal Service, with comfortable post carriages, with coupés and banquettes.
The fares are regulated by the Swiss Government. Extra Post Carriages can be obtained on most of these routes, to secure which, or the ordinary courses, address Swiss Post Offices, and the Tourist Offices of Messrs. Cook and Son, Gaze and Son, and Caygill, of London.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route from England to Italy. Excursions to the Rigi, by the Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the St. Gothard Railway. Through-going sleeping-cars from Ostend, balcony carriages, gas-lighted, safety continuous brakes. Tickets at all corresponding railway stations, and at Cook's, Gaze's, and Caygill's Offices.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—MR. HENRY IRVING,
Sole Lessee and Manager.—On TUESDAY, JULY 8, and following Evenings will be presented Shakespeare's Comedy TWELFTH NIGHT. Malvolio, Mr. Henry Irving; Viola, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-Office (Mr. Hurst) open daily. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—Lyceum.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.
LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Playgirlism in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, in a prologue and three acts, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. Mr. Kylie Bellamy, Mr. H. Beerholm-Trees, Mr. H. J. Lettice, Mr. Frank Rodney, Mr. Yorkie Stephens, Mr. L. S. Dewar, Mr. R. de Cordova, Mr. S. Caffray, Mr. Ashman, Mr. Hargrave, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Vandeleen, and Mr. G. W. Anson; Miss Lingard, Miss Tibbury, Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Aylward. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. Seats may be booked a month in advance.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNHAM. Every Evening at Nine, a New Comedy, in Three Acts, adapted from the French of MM. Barriere and Gondinet, entitled PEATH-BRAIN, by James Albery. Preceded by, at Eight, SOMEBODY ELSE. Box Office open from Ten a.m. till Eleven p.m. Doors open, 7.30; to commence at Eight.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—NOBODY'S FAULT, written by Arthur Law; Music by Hamilton Clarke. An Entirely New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled SHOWS OF THE SEASON. Concluding with a New Second Part, entitled A TERRIBLE NIGHT, written by Arthur Law; Music by Corney Grain.—MORNING PERFORMANCES every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three, EVENINGS, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; 3s., 4s., and 5s. Booking Office open Ten to Six. No charge for booking. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place.

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ALFRED EVERILL, Sec.

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BURNING OF THE EDINBURGH THEATRE.

The fire which broke out about noon on Monday in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, resulted in a short time in the total destruction of the building. The roof fell in about an hour after the fire broke out. Most of the scenery and property were destroyed. The heat was so intense that the windows of the tenements in Little King-street, immediately opposite, caught fire, and the whole building was for some time in danger. On the north side of the theatre is the Roman Catholic pro-cathedral, the roof of which is somewhat damaged. Fears were entertained for the safety of the church, and the altar-pictures and other valuable articles were removed. The theatre, which cost about £13,000, was insured four about £12,000. The theatre has now been burned down four times—first in 1853, next in 1861, when Dean of Guild Lorimer and six others lost their lives, and again in 1875.

THE DRY BED OF THE THAMES.

The long continuance of dry weather, both in the spring and in the summer months of this year, has reduced the Thames, above the reach of the tide, to a very low condition. At Twickenham, the channel between the Middlesex shore and Eelpie Island has been quite dry, so that hundreds of people walked across to the island; and in other parts there was, in the bed of the river, a large space of gravel, where crowds of the folk of the neighbourhood assembled day after day. A table and chairs were set out upon this ground for a luncheon party, who drank their champagne in perfect safety where the water flows some feet deep in ordinary seasons. Another party measured out a cricket-ground, pitched their wickets, and had a regular game, surrounded by a close throng of spectators, who would prevent the ball going into the water. Our illustrations of these strange and curious scenes are from photographs taken, on the 23rd ult., by Mr. J. W. Gumbie, of Twickenham. A letter in the Times of last Wednesday, from Mr. G. Phillips Bevan, author of a recent useful treatise on "The London Water Supply," expresses the opinion that too much water is daily abstracted from the Thames, to the amount of seventy million gallons, by the London Water Companies, especially at Thames Ditton and Hampton; and that the stream is now beginning to show signs of exhaustion.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

The 1st of July is now passed, and American Railway Companies have consequently passed over one of the most testing periods of the year, for January and July are principal dividend months. English interests have suffered no fresh disaster; and as regards Philadelphia and Reading General Mortgage Bonds, about which much fear was expressed, notice of the payment of the interest due on the 1st inst. appeared in the English papers of the 1st, only just in time to prevent delay, the notification being followed by the provision that coupons would be retained only one day for verification. It is, however, worth noting that, whereas the interest has of late years been paid by Messrs. Glyn and Co. and the Company's own agency in London, the coupons are on this occasion to be cashed by Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co., as representatives of Drexel, Morgan, and Co., of New York. The term used in the notice is "purchased"; and it may be presumed that it is a settlement right out as between the purchaser and the vendor of the coupons; but the use of such a term suggests the relation to such a transaction which is always claimed by ordinary purchasers of coupons—namely, the right to fall back upon the vendor if the purchased coupons are not honoured. But in the satisfaction felt at the way in which the 1st has been got through little has been made of this point; while both here and in America the course of prices has been quite reversed. The one question which everyone concerned asks of his neighbour is, Will the change last? The answer cannot be given with confidence. Some think it will; some that it will not. But speculators who have been counting upon a further fall have feared to risk too much; and their repurchases have given an important impulse to the recovery which was naturally due to the absence of fresh serious default on July payments.

But before the prospect of selling to advantage was given up a raid of unusual character was made upon both American and Canadian securities—upon the latter, no doubt, with the view of exciting uneasiness in Montreal and Toronto, and so causing the withdrawal from New York of the aid which Canadian banks have throughout the recent American crisis been able to give to the holders of good stocks and bills. But the only effect of importance was upon Federal Bank of Canada shares. This Company holds a good position in Toronto, and it was managed with vigilance and ability; but, as its shares have always been the pet of speculators, it was most open to suffer from market fluctuations during a crisis. And of late it has suffered severely. From being 160 a few months ago the shares were run down till within the last few days the price has been as low as 65. Yet the dividend has been but reduced from 10 to 9 per cent as the result of the recent prostration in Canada. It is not surprising therefore that, with a keen eye to the best thing to do, the manager, Mr. Strathey, has resigned the managership; and that the directors have placed as the new head the Toronto manager, of the Bank of Montreal. As Mr. Strathey is a large shareholder, it is fair to infer that in this prompt action he has served the interests of the proprietors, his own feelings being set on one side. The result already promises to justify what has been done.

T. S.

WINCHESTER.

The oldest metropolitan as well as the most ancient mayoral dignity is possessed by the City of Winchester. The present Mayor, Mr. T. Stopher, has undertaken to celebrate the 700th anniversary of the bestowal of the office of "Mayor" by Henry Fitz Empress, namely the Plantagenet Henry II. But the city was of metropolitan rank, especially in the Saxon times, and was occupied by the Romans long before. Here are dug up occasionally relics of their Imperial rule and luxury, and our Artist figures in his excellent collection of sketches a group of Roman vases found within a hundred yards of the spot where rested the remains of Alfred the Great, his Queen, and his son. The mention of the great scholar and King reminds us that Winchester Cathedral is the Royal resting-place of some of the Saxon monarchy, and the choir still contains the enshrined bones of the Saxon Kings, of whom there are here—Kynegils, A.D. 641, the first founder, and Adolphus, or Ethelwolf, father of Alfred the Great, 857; Kenulph, 714; Egbert, 837, the founder of the undivided monarchy of the Saxons; Edmund, the son of Alfred; Edred, 955. These relics of the Royal dead are in coffers of Bishop Fox's time, and within these are older cists which, perhaps, date back to Henry De Blois, who first enshrined the remains. There are six of these in all, and in the other two rest the mingled bones of Canute, of Emma, his Queen, and two Bishops. Such a series of shrines is worth a pilgrimage, and our Artist has reproduced the shrine of Kynegils and Alfred's father. The tombs of Rufus, of his brother Richard, of Canute's nephew, Duke Beorn, of Hardicanute, and the glorious chantries of Wykeham, Beaufort, Waynflete, Fox, and Langton, who were architects, State Ministers, Lord Chancellors, and Bishops, are among the most important English monuments. Our Artist, however, has not left the sacred and historic building, which is a vast study of architecture from the Conquest to the Renaissance, without a sketch or two for our readers; for he has felicitously produced the old oaken settle, on which, round a pan of charcoal, sat the Norman monks whilst waiting in the south transept their duties in the long offices of the Church. This still remains a tolerable seat. Not so Queen Mary's chair (see Illustration), in which the Tudor Queen espoused Philip of Spain. This betrays the propensity of Englishmen to carry away a relic, and it is now preserved by an iron railing. In the library are Rufus's, Fox's, and Gardiner's rings, and these emblems of dignity are curious examples of art. The great Bible, the work of the monks, preserved under a glass case, is a treasure for which its weight in gold has been offered, so splendid are its illuminations. But we must walk up the hill once crowned by the Conqueror's Castle. Of this Cromwell and Charles II. have left but the fine old banquetting-hall, which is mainly a construction of Henry III., and is, with the exception of Westminster, the most historic hall in the kingdom. Here Parliaments have sat, Kings presided as Judges, and illustrious persons—Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance—were condemned to death; but its traditions go back to the Arthurian legend; and on the western wall hangs the Round Table, with the names of the twenty-four Knights. As we see it now, so did that much-married King, Henry VIII., and the Emperor Charles; and Drayton thus poetically treats of the table:—

And so great Arthur's seat old Winchester prefers,
Whose old Round Table yet she vaunteth to be hers.

This fine hall and that historic piece of carpentry, the table, for such it was, as the mortices for the legs yet remain, our Artist has well delineated in the space at his disposal; and there is no doubt that the table, in some decorative form or another, has been in the old hall 600 years. The restoration of the hall and its historic decoration reflect honour on Mr. Melville Portal, the Chairman of the Sessions, and Mr. G. A. Webb, the County Clerk. A fine object once used by the warder of the Castle, his bronze horn (see Illustration), is preserved at the Guildhall, and sound lungs and chest must have had who blew a blast on the great metal instrument. Its age is at least 500 years. In the valley is the fine semi-Norman church of St. Cross, erected by the Conqueror's grandson, Henry De Blois, with its charity and its daily dole of beer and bread for wayfarers. Our Artist has given us a sketch of the act and the locality; and also of the Black Jacks, salt-cellars, and candlesticks once used by that grand old Lancastrian Cardinal Henry Beaufort, who added to De Blois's foundation, the whole forming an unique and splendid monument of the Norman and Lancastrian ideas of Charity. The New Guildhall contains all that is left of the ancient Corporate glories of Winchester. There are Cartularies, from Henry I.'s time down to George I., granting all kinds of liberties, save exemption from local rates and from those charters, with a host of other documents. An able local and indeed national antiquary, Mr. F. J. Baigent, is about to prepare a book of Winchester which will, we hope, be very complete. The City Seal given for services by Edward I. is a fine example of seal engraving, as our Artist's sketch shows; and the old Standard Weights and Measures, sketched also, recall the brave and politic Henry of Richmond and that strong-minded Tudor Queen Bess, who gave the standards. Elizabeth called the Council the "Twenty-four Men," and their successors have this week celebrated the seven-hundredth anniversary of Henry the Second's Charter by a religious procession to the Cathedral, and a luncheon in the Castle hall, at which the Lord Mayor of London and Sheriffs were present. The historic torch-light procession was a very interesting sight. It included groups representative of the following great local events: the granting of Henry II.'s Charter; the granting by Richard II. of the Charter to Wykeham for founding the College which is the mother of all public schools; the celebration of the festival of St. Swithin by Henry VI.; the incident of Charles I. being brought a prisoner through Winchester, and of Cromwellian soldiers hunting the Royalists; and Sir C. Wren giving the plans of Winchester Palace to King Charles II. These groups were surrounded by monks and others all dressed in correct costume and making a splendid spectacle. A great collection of cartularies and other historical documents, from the Saxon to the Stuart times, was exhibited at St. John's House. It is, however, a curious fact that the original Charter of Henry II. to Winchester is the only Charter connected with its civic history which cannot be found; but it is hoped that amongst "the treasures of antiquity laid up in old historic rolls," Mr. F. J. Baigent, or some other painstaking antiquary engaged on historic quests, may yet discover it, and thus conclusively show that the precedence now conceded by London to Winchester as the senior Corporation is not only traditionally but absolutely true. The medallist's art has been used by the Mayor to aid in the commemoration, and Messrs. Jacob and Ross, of Winchester, have produced, from a superb die by the Messrs. Pinches, of London, bronze and silver medals, which are fine examples of art; the obverse has the impression of Edward I.'s seal, as delineated in our Engraving; and on the reverse are the arms of Winchester, with "Thomas Stopher, Mayor," beneath the shield. The legend is "to commemorate the 700th anniversary of the Mayoralty of the City of Winchester, 1884." This memorial of the great King Edward and his faithful old city will be highly valued by those to whom the Mayor will present it.

THE COURT.

The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice, arrived at Windsor Castle on Thursday week from Claremont. The Queen held a Council. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and the Lord President of the Council had audiences of the Queen. After the Council the Peruvian Minister (Le Contre Amiral Aurelio Garcia y Garcia) presented his credentials on appointment. Sir Charles Lennox Wyke, K.C.B., was also introduced to an audience of the Queen on his retirement. The Queen drove out yesterday week, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Princess of Leiningen. The Duchess of Albany also drove. Saturday being the forty-sixth anniversary of the Queen's coronation was celebrated at Windsor and in London with the customary ceremonial and with Royal salutes. At Aldershot a review was held; and in Dublin the review postponed from the Queen's birthday was held in the Phoenix Park. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne left town in the morning on a visit to the Queen. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Princess of Leiningen. Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany also drove. Divine service was performed on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Queen and Royal family and several members of her Majesty's Household, in the Royal Mausoleum, at Frogmore. The Very Rev. Randall T. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, afterwards officiated and preached in the private chapel at the castle at twelve o'clock. He had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family in the evening. Her Majesty drove out on Monday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Princess of Leiningen. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne left the castle in the afternoon for London. The Prince and Princess of Leiningen also took leave of her Majesty. The Queen drove to Ditton Park, and visited the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch. Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany also drove. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty in the evening, and her Royal Highness lunched with the Queen on Tuesday. Her Majesty drove out on Tuesday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. The Russian Ambassador, M. De Staal, was introduced to an audience of her Majesty, and presented his credentials on appointment. The Judge Advocate-General also had an audience of the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise and Maud, were present at a lecture given by Professor Dewar at the Royal Institution, in Albemarle-street, on Thursday week. Next day the Prince was present at a meeting of the members of the standing committee of the trustees of the British Museum. The Prince and Princess proceeded to the camp at Shorncliffe, where his Royal Highness inspected the 10th (the Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, and distributed medals to the officers and men who had been in the recent campaign in the Sudan. On Saturday afternoon the Prince and Princess left London for Mentmore, the seat of the Earl of Rosebery, near Leighton Buzzard. Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine service at the parish church on Sunday morning. The Prince and Princess were present on Monday at the laying of the foundation-stone of Alexandra House, intended for the accommodation of lady students attending South Kensington Museum, the Royal College of Music, and other institutions in the locality. Their Royal Highnesses, in reply to an address, expressed their profound interest in the scheme, as also their grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Francis Cook, of Richmond, who had made a gift of £40,000 for the building. In the evening the Prince presided at the annual dinner of the officers of the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, at Willis's Rooms. The triennial festival of the Railway Guards' Universal Friendly Society is announced to take place to-day (Saturday). The Prince will preside, supported by many of the leading railway officials of the kingdom. A letter has been received by the Mayor of Newcastle from the Prince intimating the intention of his Royal Highness and the Princess to visit Newcastle about the middle of August.

Princess Louise, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, presided on Tuesday at the opening of the old cemetery of St. George's, Bloomsbury, situated in St. Pancras, which, by the efforts of the Kyrle Society, has been laid out and preserved as a public garden. On Wednesday, the Princess opened the Mary Stanford wing of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

On the same day Princess Christian laid the foundation-stone of new buildings in Granville Park for the All Saints' Boys' Orphanage, Lewisham.

The Royal yacht Osborne arrived at Portsmouth last Saturday morning, having on board Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, who have been attending the nuptials of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia and the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, at St. Petersburg.

M. De Staal, the new Russian Ambassador, arrived yesterday week at Victoria Terminus from the Continent, and proceeded to the Russian Embassy.

His Excellency Count Münster held a reception at the German Embassy, Carlton House-terrace, on Thursday.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. Cecil E. Bingham, 3rd Hussars, second son of Lord and Lady Cecilia Bingham, with Miss Rose Guthrie, daughter of the late Mr. Guthrie, of Craigie, Forfarshire, was solemnized in All Saints' Church, Margaret-street, by special license, last Saturday afternoon. The Hon. Assheton E. Harbore acted as bridegroom's best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Lillias Guthrie, Miss Violet Guthrie, Hon. Rosaline Bingham, Hon. Mildred Sturt, Hon. Emily Hardinge, Miss Buckley, and Miss Grant Thorold.

The marriage of the Marquis Cassar-Desain, Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, with Miss Eleanor Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. Buckley Rutherford, of 3, Upper Brook-street, was solemnized on Thursday week, in the Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral, Kensington; and was not repeated, though the lady is a member of the Church of England. The bridesmaids were two little children—one a daughter of Mr. MacIver, M.P., and the other Miss Congreve—and four young ladies—the Baroness Mary Zinguliz, Miss Alice Rutherford (sister of the bride), Miss Russell, and Miss Madge Keating.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.

The illustrious and amiable young lady, whose Portrait, given with this Number of the *Illustrated London News*, will be surely welcomed in a hundred thousand English households with admiring pleasure, is the second daughter and fifth child of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness, Princess Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary, was born on July 6, 1868. To-morrow, Sunday, is her birthday; she is sixteen years of age. Who will not join heartily in wishing her "Many Happy Returns of the Day?"

A public luncheon was held at the Castle Hall, Winchester, on Thursday, to celebrate the 700th anniversary of the Mayoralty of the city.

THE EUROPEAN CONFERENCE.

The first meeting of the Conference of plenipotentiaries of the Foreign Powers, for the settlement of questions relating to the financial position of Egypt, took place at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, in the Conference Chamber at the Foreign Office. The following are the names of the plenipotentiaries:—For Great Britain, Earl Granville, K.G.; and the Right Hon. H. O. E. Childers, M.P.; Germany, Count Münster; Austria-Hungary, Count Karolyi; France, M. Waddington; Italy, Count Nigra; Russia, M. De Staal; and Turkey, Musurus Pasha. The Financial Assistants are:—Great Britain, Sir E. Baring, K.C.S.I.; Germany, M. Derenthal; Austria-Hungary, M. De Vetsera; France, M. De Blignières. Tigrane Pasha and Blum Pasha attend the Conference as Financial Delegates from Egypt. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Earl Granville, received each of the Ambassadors and their assistants as they arrived, in his private room at the top of the grand staircase. Introductions first took place between the financial experts and the different officials, the Ambassadors, with the exception of M. De Staal, being well acquainted with each other. Agreeably to precedent, the Minister in whose country the meeting was held, Earl Granville, assumed the presidency with the consent of the representatives of the Powers. The next business of the meeting was the election of protocolists, who act in the capacity of secretaries. Mr. Philip Currie, C.B., who accompanied the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury to Berlin, and was present during the Berlin Congress, was unanimously appointed by the Powers the First Protocolist; Count d'Aubigny, the Counsellor of the French Embassy, was appointed, without dissent, Joint Protocolist. The Hon. F. Villiers was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Congress. On arrival at the Conference Chamber each member took a seat at a large round table; Mr. Childers, as second plenipotentiary for England, the only Power allowed this privilege, being seated next to Earl Granville. Earl Granville, after the members were seated, it is understood, opened the proceedings by making a short statement as to the proposals that were to form the subjects of the meeting; and the financial proposals of Great Britain for the assistance of the Egyptian exchequer were then placed before the Congress. As these proposals had not previously been the subject of agreement between the representatives of the Great Powers, the Conference was adjourned in less than half an hour after meeting, until the financial experts could have an opportunity of examining the different points of the plan. No date for the next meeting was fixed, but it was believed that the Ambassadors would be in a position to further consider the arrangements towards the latter end of the week.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chamber was occupied on Monday in discussing the Revision Bill, and rejected all the amendments that were proposed. On the same day the Council of Health in Paris heard the evidence of Dr. Brouardel and Dr. Proust, who have been making investigations respecting the cholera at Toulon, on behalf of the Government. They incline to the belief that the disease is Asiatic cholera of a mild kind.

The two Spanish officers who deserted their colours in April were shot at Gerona last Saturday morning.

The new Portuguese Loan has been covered in Portugal.

On Saturday morning, in the ancient basilica of St. Clement, Rome, the Rev. Father Callaghan, Prior of the Irish Dominicans of that church, was consecrated Bishop of Lambese, in *partibus*, by Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda Fide. The ceremony was attended by the majority of the British Catholics now in Rome.

Prince and Princess von Bismarck left Berlin for Varzin on Monday morning.—With the aid of a double sitting, the German Parliament finished its work last Saturday.

We learn by special telegram that the legend of the Pied Piper was celebrated at Hamelin, in Hanover, on Sunday and on the previous day. Many thousand persons from the neighbouring towns and villages filled the streets, which were gaily decorated for the occasion. On Saturday the festival began with a procession illustrating the delivery of the town from the rats. On Sunday the carrying off of the children was represented.

The crisis in Norway is over for the present. The King has appointed M. Johan Sverdrup Prime Minister. The new Cabinet includes MM. Richter, formerly Consul-General in London, Jacob Sverdrup, Arctander Haugland, Daac, Sorensen, Stang, and Blix. All belong to the Left.—The Storting on Monday adopted, by 84 votes to 25, a bill providing for the participation of the Councillors of State in the deliberations of the Storting.—In Christiania, on Sunday evening, a very large popular procession, with about thirty banners, went to the Castle. The King and Queen appeared on the balcony, and were enthusiastically cheered by the immense crowd assembled before the palace. The procession subsequently went to the Parliament building.

Last Saturday afternoon the Emperor of Russia's yacht *Czarevna*, flying the Imperial standard, and accompanied by two other Imperial yachts from Peterhof, sailed past Cronstadt out to sea. The Imperial party, composed of the Emperor and Empress and the Duchess of Edinburgh, intended visiting the islands on the coast of Finland.—It is announced from Moscow that an unbroken swarm of locusts have passed over that city, occupying three days in their passage of travelling eastwards.

According to the *Manchester Guardian*, an official despatch has been recently received from General Gordon, the contents of which are of an eminently satisfactory character as regards General Gordon's safety and health.

It is announced from Melbourne that, in response to the Earl of Derby's despatch of May 9 last, five of the Australian colonies have offered to guarantee £15,000 towards the expense of extending British rule in the Western Pacific.—The Agent-General for Victoria has received a telegraphic despatch from the Hon. James Service, Premier of the colony, stating that the gun-boats *Victoria* and *Albert* and the torpedo-ship *Childers* have arrived safely at Melbourne.

The New Zealand Parliament has been dissolved, and the new elections have been fixed to take place on July 22.

Another meet of the Coaching Club took place in Hyde Park last Saturday, when twenty-two teams were present.

Lord Carlingford, Lord President of the Council, presided last Saturday at the annual dinner of the Cobden Club, at the Ship Hotel, Greenwich. There was a large gathering.

The annual meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute took place at the house of the Society of Arts on Monday evening, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. Captain F. Petrie, the honorary secretary, read the report, by which it appeared that the total number of home and foreign members is now 1100. Many papers have been read during the session. The report was moved by Sir J. Lefroy. Sir H. Barkly and Mr. Flavell, of New Zealand, also spoke.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The metropolitan Playhouses, with a few exceptions, do not find a very profitable account, either in the exceptionally fine weather, or in the immensely, though not surprisingly, popular Summer Evening Concerts in the brilliantly-illuminated gardens of the Health Exhibition. Londoners have long wanted a Volksgarten after the Viennese pattern; and they have got one at last, and are enjoying it by day and by night in the most wholesome manner. The theatrical attractions of the town are, however, enjoying a fair amount of patronage. Mr. Henry Irving still valiantly adheres to his programme at the Lyceum; but on Tuesday, the 8th inst., Shakspeare's rarely-performed comedy of "Twelfth Night," rehearsed by this most artistic of managers with infinite care, and adorned with the most refined and beautiful illustrations of scenic art, costume, and decoration, will be produced on a scale of Lyceum magnificence: Mr. Irving adding the rôle of that arch-Masher, Malvolio, to his *répertoire*, and Miss Ellen Terry promising to bewitch us anew as the vivacious Viola. The remainder of the cast is as follows:—Mr. E. Terry, Sebastian; Mr. Terriss, Orsino; Mr. David Fisher, Sir Toby Belch; Mr. B. Wyatt, Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Clown, Mr. Stanislaus Calhaem; Fabian, Mr. Andrews; Antonio, Mr. Howe; Valentine, Mr. Haviland; Curio, Mr. Mellish; Priest, Mr. Harbury; Olivia, Miss Rose Leclercq; Maria, Miss L. Payne. The final performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" is announced for the Lyceum matinée of this present Saturday, the Fifth of July.

Of dramatic matinées there is no end—no; not even in sultry July. The indefatigable matinee (one may be pardoned for coining the word) is one of the most gallant of men. Hence it was not astonishing that matineers should have loyally, and in large numbers, obeyed the silver-toned call of pretty Miss Violet Cameron; and should, on the Twenty-fifth of June, have thronged the Comedy Theatre to welcome the re-appearance of this alluring songstress for one hot afternoon in two acts of "Falka." Nor was it matter for astonishment that the latest matinee of so fascinating a comedienne as Miss Kate Vaughan should have drawn a brilliant attendance at the Gaiety on the Twenty-seventh ultimo. This graceful and versatile actress, who is so laudably ambitious to make for herself a position in Old English Comedy akin to that taken by the lamented Miss Litton, exhibited her talents on this occasion in the bright part of Miranda, in Mrs. Centlivre's play of "The Busybody." Miss Kate Vaughan, who was most ably seconded at the Gaiety by Mr. Lionel Brough as an inimitably humorous Marplot, and by Mr. Kyrle Bellew as Sir George Airy, is grace personified in the light and airy character of Lalla Rookh, in the vivacious burlesque of that name, to be withdrawn from the Novelty Theatre to-night.

Survivors of the past week's matinées were not allowed to rest on their laurels this week. They were on Tuesday invited by Miss Annie Rose to lunch off "Broken Hearts" and "Dorothy's Birthday" cake at the Savoy; and asked by Mr. Lubimoff to see his "Young Wife" at the Vaudeville. Their voracious appetites unappeased on Wednesday by MM. Robert Louis Stevenson's and William Ernest Henley's new melodrama of "Deacon Brodie; or, the Double Life," at the Prince's Theatre; or by Miss Ada Ward's Pauline at the same fine house on Thursday, they may be presumed to come with undiminished zest to the menu set forth for them on this present Saturday afternoon, when, in addition to the aforesaid concluding performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum, Mr. Toole and clever Miss Marie Linden are to good-humouredly travestie Sardou's grim play in "Stage-Dora" at Toole's Theatre.

I am reminded by the last item that Mr. Toole will, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday next, be supported by the most distinguished of his brother and sister artistes on the occasion of his annual benefit at the popular Temple of Comedy named after our evergreen comedian.

Albeit Mr. Wilson Barrett, in spite of scorching weather and a nightly earthquake, continues to live on through the centuries in "Claudian," the acute Manager of the Princess's evidently keeps a weather-eye open for dramatic novelties of merit wherewith to equip his provincial travelling companies. As has been stated "in another place," Mr. Wilson Barrett has just secured the right of the sole performance in England and America of a new Spanish play, "La Pasionaria," the English version of which is to be produced at Hull on the Twenty-eighth of July.

G. A. S.

THE BASSET HOUNDS.

The twenty-third exhibition of sporting and other dogs under the direction of the Kennel Club was opened at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, with 1286 entries, two thirds of which belonged to various descriptions of terriers; but there were a large number of sheep-dogs, and nearly a hundred St. Bernards. The mastiffs, Newfoundlanders, and Danish boar-hounds were remarkably good. The arrangements for tenting, benching, and feeding were made by Spratt's Patent Dog-Biscuit Company, of Southwark. Among the animals whose novelty attracted most attention were the Basset hounds, which are shown in our Illustration, not as they were placed at the Exhibition, but in a home drawing-room scene. This breed of dog was first imported by Mr. Millais, and shortly afterwards by Lord Onslow; but until Mr. G. R. Krehl took up the breed it was but little known in England. It is now rapidly coming into public favour; and this is mainly due to the perseverance and enterprise of Mr. Krehl, who secured the best specimens of the breed in France, and from these have been bred the most celebrated of our prize-winners, which are undoubtedly quite equal, if not superior, to any now to be obtained on the Continent. Although, for some years, these hounds were only to be found in a few kennels, fresh admirers are continually taking to keep this breed, which threatens to rival in popularity that quaint little dog the dachshund. For hunting, the Basset hounds have few if any equals, their powers of scent being highly esteemed by those who have been fortunate enough to have seen them at work. The most prized strain is that of Count Couteux, and the best dogs now in England are "pure Couteux."

The Engraving of Cork Cathedral, from a drawing by the late Mr. Samuel Read, which was presented as an Extra Supplement with the last Number of our Journal, was that of the existing church, rebuilt between 1865 and 1870, the towers and spires being completed six years later, from the designs of the architect, the late Mr. William Burges, A.R.A., and under his superintendence. This noble building, which may be considered not inferior to Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, is reputed the masterpiece of Mr. Burges, whose early death has been much lamented. Its erection was mainly due to the efforts of the late Bishop Gregg, whose son, the Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, D.D., is now Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross. The west front was completed recently at the expense of Mr. William Crawford. About £100,000 altogether has been expended on this building, raised almost entirely by voluntary subscription among Irish Churchmen.



Count Munster (Germany).

Husni Pasha (Turkey).

Earl Granville, K.G. (Great Britain).

Count Nigra (Italy).

M. Waddington (France).

H. De Staal (Russia).

Mr. Childers (Great Britain).

Count Károlyi (Austria).

PORTRAIT-SKETCH OF THE MEMBERS OF THE EUROPEAN CONFERENCE.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Conservative Peers, who form a considerable majority in the House of Lords, have come to a grave, though not unexpected, decision. At the large and important gathering of noble Lords at the Marquis of Salisbury's town residence on Tuesday, the advice boldly tendered by his Lordship, and sanctioned by the Duke of Richmond and Earl Cairns, was unanimously accepted. This Council of War resolved to deliver battle against the County Franchise Bill for the reasons fruitlessly formulated by Lord John Manners in the Lower House. In the probable event of the measure being thrown out by the Lords next week, it is thought the Government will call Parliament together for a brief autumn Session, to give the Lords an opportunity of reconsidering their action with respect to the bill.

The Premier clearly foresaw this crisis when he uttered his earnest warning in the House of Commons on June 26. In moving the third reading of the County Franchise Bill, Mr. Gladstone seemed to sniff the battle from afar. Alluding to the declared antagonism of certain Lords to the measure, the Prime Minister intimated that the Government would, in face of threatened "difficulties elsewhere," act in accordance with the precept in Shakespeare—

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't, that th' opposed may beware of thee!

The heartiness with which this sentiment was indorsed by the Liberal Party was boisterously indicated by the ringing Ministerial cheers which greeted the declaration of the Premier; while the resounding counter-cheers of the Opposition testified to the readiness of the Conservative Commons to gallantly accept the challenge, often as they had been defeated. Indeed, remembering the steadfastness with which the Opposition in the Commons have at every stage struggled against the Franchise Bill, it was by some considered that Mr. Gladstone was indiscreet to seek to snatch a useless laurel when he called upon the Speaker to have it recorded that the measure was read the third time and passed *nemine contradicente*. Though formally unchallenged at the time, the record signifying a unanimity of opinion, which manifestly did not exist, met with strong objection on the morrow, Mr. Pell alleging that he and Mr. C. S. Read said "No" when the question was put. The Speaker, whose watchfulness none can doubt, maintained, however, that he heard no dissentient voice. The Premier reminded Sir Stafford Northcote of the historical fact that the Bill of Rights was read a third time and passed *nemine contradicente*. On a division, the motion that the phrase be erased was negatived by a majority of 43—125 against 82 votes.

Read the first time formally in the House of Lords on June 27, the Franchise Bill comes on for second reading next Monday, when Earl Cairns, cheered by the Opposition as he submitted his hostile amendment on Tuesday last, is to move:—

That this House, while prepared to concur in any well-considered and complete scheme for the extension of the franchise, does not think it right to assent to the second reading of a Bill having for its object a fundamental change in the constitution of the electoral body of the United Kingdom, but which is not accompanied by provisions for so apportioning the right to return members as to ensure a true and fair representation of the people, or by any adequate security in the proposals of the Government that the present Bill shall not come into operation except as part of an entire scheme.

Compared with this significant Party cartel, the other matters on which their Lordships have deliberated sink into insignificance. As to what the ultimate issue of the contest will be, the Prime Minister, for one, has explicitly said he entertains "no doubt."

The Plenipotentiaries of the Egyptian Conference having on Saturday last held their opening meeting at the Foreign Office, under the presidency of Earl Granville, it would have been obviously inexpedient for Parliament to have commenced the present week with an embittered Party discussion of the Anglo-French agreement. At least, such was the opinion of the majority of the Commons on Monday. It was, perhaps, an unprecedented occurrence, which the Earl of Northbrook and a large number of distinguished visitors witnessed from the gallery over the clock. Mr. Bruce was present in his seat behind the front Opposition bench, evidently prepared with a manuscript speech in support of his resolution against the preliminary arrangement between England and France. Mr. Gladstone duly moved that the orders of the day should be postponed to afford the hon. member the opportunity to make his attack; and the general expectation was that the debate would thereupon be forthwith begun. But it is the unexpected that sometimes happens in the House, as elsewhere. Mr. Forster (clad in one of the longest frock-coats his rural tailor can ever have made) mildly suggested that Mr. Arthur Arnold should drop his amendment, in order that the "previous question" should be moved—a hint which that self-satisfied Radical member declined to act upon. Pronounced "inopportune and dangerous" by Mr. Gladstone, the resolution of Mr. Bruce all at once appeared doubly so to the Ministerialists, whose enthusiasm Mr. Goschen succeeded in raising when he loudly and emphatically said he should vote against postponing the regular orders of the day. This unexpected stand by Mr. Goschen and other Liberal members brought up Sir Stafford Northcote in defence of the motion of the hon. member for Portsmouth. But, when the division came to be taken, there was beheld the strange sight of the Ministerialists streaming out on one side to vote against the Premier's motion, whilst Ministers trooped out behind the Speaker's chair to vote with the Opposition, whose move Mr. Gladstone had yet declared "dangerous and inopportune"! It was also noticed that the knot of Parnellite members, in the absence of their chief, hesitated for some time as to which side they should join. Eventually they appeared to yield to the blandishments of Mr. Labouchere (whether the orthodox and accepted member for Northampton offered the inducement of a second "Thought-reading" *seance* in the smoking-room cannot be said), and joined the forces of Mr. Goschen. Thus it was that by a majority of 42—190 against 148—the House saved the infliction of another set debate on the Conference, which should unquestionably be allowed to deliberate to its close before the judgment of Parliament is passed. Relieved of this incubus, the House on Monday usefully occupied itself with the Municipal Elections Bill, the needed Police Superannuation Bill, the Merchant Shipping Bill, the Middlesex Registry of Deeds Bill; and on Tuesday a serviceable discussion on the smallpox epidemic in London was raised by Dr. Cameron, Sir Charles Dilke's reply indicating that the Local Government Board is alive to its duty.

The threatened Conference debate in the House of Lords was on Tuesday averted by the Earl of Carnarvon's condescending acceptance of the Premier's statement as to the "dangerous and inopportune" nature of the premature discussion. But the noble Earl could not withstand the temptation, in dropping his motion, to pretty strongly hint that the decision of the previous day in the Lower House had been come to by collusion—a charge which the Marquis of Salisbury incisively repeated, notwithstanding that Earl Granville distinctly denied the truth of the accusation, and read a letter from Mr. Goschen clearly showing the proceedings in the Commons had been unpremeditated.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Unfortunately, the same old story of hard ground has to be told once more this week, though, as the "going" is always pretty good on the beautiful course on which the Newmarket July Meeting is held, the racing was not as much affected as might have been anticipated. The July Stakes on Tuesday excited a good deal of interest, each one of the six competitors being regarded as a match between Melton and Luminary, the newly-named colt by Beauclerc from Stella, as Present Times is generally regarded as being very uncertain. Neither of the cracks had previously been beaten, and the fact of Archer riding Melton made him almost an even money favourite, but, after a grand finish, Luminary just defeated him by a head, the two running right away from the rest of the field. Rosie (7 st. 13 lb.) took another Visitors' Plate, and Mountain Dew rather unexpectedly beat Hurry and seven others for a Maiden Plate; he is a son of the defunct Blair Athol, whose stock have been conferring considerable posthumous honours upon him this season. Prism (7 st. 9 lb.) brought off a good thing very easily in the Bunbury Handicap Plate, which brought us to the end of a rather poor card. There was some fair sport on the same day at Carlisle, where Lawminster (8 st. 10 lb.) essayed to add the Cumberland to the Northumberland Plate. In this he was not quite successful, as Mr. Jardine's Newton (6 st. 8 lb.) was a little too good for him at the weights, and the same gentleman, who is about the best patron of racing in the north of England, also secured two other minor races.

The great event of the week has undoubtedly been the sale of Lord Falmouth's stud—a sale that was very properly characterised by Mr. Tattersall as being the most important that had ever taken place in the history of the turf. Buyers flocked to Newmarket from all parts of the world; and, under these circumstances, it says a good deal for English pluck, and for the healthy state of the turf, that only two lots fell to foreign bidders. The space at our command will not allow us to do more than mention a very few of the cracks, for at least half of those disposed of made very high prices, and four figures were reached again and again. The yearlings were offered first, and Mr. Abington gave 1400 gs. for Skyscraper, by Skylark—Palmflower. This was soon eclipsed by 2100 gs. from the Duke of Portland for Rattlewings, an own sister to Galliard, and Lord Zetland capped even this with 3000 gs. for the grandly-bred Godolphin, by Galopin—Jannette; whilst Mr. Abington paid the same price for Cereulis, by Galopin from Wheatear, the dam of Skylark, Harvester, and other cracks. Another notable youngster was Oberon, by Galopin—Wheel of Fortune, who reached 2500 gs.; and, altogether, the sixteen lots made 18,350 gs., or the extraordinary average of 1147 gs. Prices did not fall off in the smallest degree when the brood mares and foals were brought into the ring. "Mr. Manton" gave 4200 gs. for Jannette, and also secured her colt foal by Isonomy for 1300 gs., which is, we believe, the highest price ever paid for a foal. M. Lupin outbid all opposition for Mavis, the dam of Galliard, and she was knocked down to him at 3000 gs.; whilst Cantinière, with a Galopin filly foal, tempted Captain Machell to go to 4100 gs. Spinaway and her brown filly by Isonomy reached 5500 gs.; Dutch Oven brought 3200 gs.; and the Duke of Portland paid 5000 gs. for Wheel of Fortune, and 1100 gs. more for her filly foal by Springfield. Perhaps the sires sold worse than any other part of the stud. To our mind 3600 gs. was quite enough for the untired Galliard, but Childeric was very cheap to Archer at 1900 gs., whilst Queen's Messenger, who has one really good representative in Reprieve, was simply presented to Mat Dawson at 200 gs. The grand total of the entire sale—including the horses in training, which were disposed of in the First Spring Meeting—was 111,880 gs., and this formed a fitting finish to the career of the best supporter the turf has ever had.

We suppose the Inter-University match must take precedence in our cricket notes this week. There was the usual fashionable crush at Lord's, though the match itself excited far less interest than usual; as, unless the Oxonians met with an almost unprecedented series of disasters, it did not appear feasible that they could be beaten. In the usual trial matches that have been played by the two Elevens, the "dark blues" have shown a marked superiority at all points of the game, and especially in bowling, which was the weakest feature of the Cambridge Eleven. C. W. Rock batted remarkably well in the second innings of the "light blues"; but, taken as a whole, their display was singularly feeble, the last seven wickets in the second innings only producing 17 runs. On the other side, T. R. Hine-Haycock gave two thoroughly sound displays, H. V. Page did good service, and B. E. Nicholls hit very hard just when runs were badly wanted; but T. C. O'Brien, undoubtedly the best bat in the team, gained that unenviable distinction known to cricketers as "a pair of spectacles." The victory of Oxford by seven wickets was, in a great measure, due to the fine bowling of H. O. Whitby, who took ten wickets for 113 runs.

The result of the return-match between the Australians and the Gentlemen of England, which was played at the Oval last week, was dreadfully disappointing, as, after our representatives appeared to have matters all their own way, the last six or seven of them collapsed in melancholy fashion, and lost the match by 46 runs. Midwinter's (60, not out, and 47, not out) two fine innings were simply invaluable to his side, and Blackham (69) batted in the pluckiest style, whilst Spofforth took eleven wickets for 162 runs; but the fielding of the team, especially during the early part of the match, was very indifferent indeed. We can say little for any one on the other side except W. G. Grace, S. Christopherson, and F. S. Welman. The Doctor's two innings of 107 and 30 were played in his best style; the Kentish amateur never bowled better, and fairly eclipsed Spofforth, getting eleven wickets for 134 runs; and Welman's performance with the gloves was simply admirable.

This (Saturday) afternoon the four American amateurs—L. E. Myers, H. Fredericks, F. P. Murray, and A. Waldron—now on a visit to this country, will make their first appearance at Stamford-bridge against the pick of our English athletes. Myers has been over here before, and his wonderful capabilities are almost as well known in this country as in America; whilst Waldron is the best sprinter in the States, and we are told that Murray will show himself to be a phenomenal walker.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of London, have been appointed pianoforte manufacturers to the King of Bavaria.

Messrs. Maple and Co. have been appointed upholsterers and cabinet-makers to the Court of Spain.

At a breakfast party given by Lady Pease, Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., was presented with a cheque for four thousand guineas, contributed by supporters of the Peace Society, in recognition of his efforts to promote its objects.

On Tuesday the Lord Mayor presided at a meeting held in the Mansion House in aid of Miss Weston's work in the Royal Navy. Miss Weston explained her work to be the establishment on board every ship of a society to promote temperance and moral and religious work. Resolutions to aid the excellent work were adopted.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Last week Madame Adelina Patti appeared—for the first time this season—in a character that has long ranked among her finest performances. As the love-distraught heroine in Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" the great prima-donna again displayed those rare gifts and acquirements which are now in their fullest perfection. The simple coquetry of the Breton peasant girl, her flirtation with the silly boor Corentino, and her fascinated admiration for the ungainly treasure-seeker, Hoël, were all, as before, charmingly realised; while the music of the part—the graceful slumber-song, Dinorah's shares in the characteristic duet with Corentino, in the melodious Bell Trio, and the dramatic quartet of the torrent scene—was delivered with that vocal perfection and charm of style that have often before been manifested by the same artist. Madame Scialchi as the chief goatherd, Signor Cotogni as Hoël, and Signor Marconi as Corentino, contributed to the efficiency of the opera. "Don Giovanni" was to have been given on Saturday, with Madame Patti as Zerlina, instead of which she appeared as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," which was substituted for the other opera on account of the sudden illness of Signor Cotogni, who was to have played Don Giovanni. Saturday's performance was a repetition, in every respect, of that of the previous Saturday, already commented on. "Carmen" was repeated on Monday with the fine performance of Madame Pauline Lucca in the title character, as recently noticed by us. Monday's cast was otherwise also as before, with the important exception of the transference of the part of Don José to Signor Mierzewski, who sustained it with much success, especially in the impassioned final scene.

GERMAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The production of Mr. C. V. Stanford's opera, "Savonarola," announced for yesterday (Friday) week, and advertised in the papers of that day, was suddenly replaced by a repetition of Wagner's "Tannhäuser." The reason assigned for the change was the indisposition of Frau Waldmann-Leideritz, who was to have sustained the character of the heroine. The opera, after disappearing altogether from the announcements, has been advertised for production next Wednesday evening. Of the performance of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" we must speak next week, when (after Friday) the German company will quit Covent Garden Theatre.

Mr. John Thomas's concert—at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon—had a special interest for admirers of the harp, on which he is an eminent performer. His own skilful playing was heard in several pieces of his own composition—solos, a duet in association with Mr. T. H. Wright, and another in conjunction with Mr. T. Barker. A band of sixteen harps played some effective pieces arranged by Mr. Thomas, and several of his songs were included in a vocal selection contributed to by eminent vocalists.

This week's miscellaneous concerts have included that given by Mr. J. Robertson and Mr. Harvey Lohr at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and that of Madame Adelina Hirsle, at Messrs. Collards' Rooms on Thursday afternoon. The second concert by the students of Madame Sinton-Dolby's Vocal Academy took place at Steinway Hall on Thursday. The London Musical Society announced an interesting concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening. Madame Jenny Viard-Louis, assisted by eminent artists, will give this (Saturday) afternoon, at Prince's Hall, the last of her present series of renderings of Beethoven's works. Miss Mary Belval—a meritorious young vocalist—will give a concert at Prince's Hall next Tuesday evening, when she will be assisted by several eminent artists.

LADIES IN THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

For the first time in this country, a lady has attained the degree of Master of Arts. Miss Mary Clara Dawes passed the matriculation examination in January, 1879, gaining the forty-seventh place in the Honours Division. Last year, at the B.A. examination, having obtained a place in the first division at the pass examination, she gained also honours in classics, with the first place in the second class. At the examination just concluded she is placed fourth in the list of the Masters of Arts of the year who have taken the degree in the first branch of examination—that is, in classics, with ancient and modern history. The two other branches are mathematics with natural philosophy, and mental and moral philosophy with political economy. Although the ladies have as yet only one M.A., fifty of them have obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, three that of Bachelor of Medicine, and eight the degree of Bachelor of Science. The ladies who have passed the matriculation examination amount already to several hundreds. Miss Dawes is the classical mistress at the Maida Vale High School. She is the daughter of the Rev. J. S. Dawes, of Surbiton.

On the 23rd inst. the Lady Mayoress will give a state ball at the Mansion House to meet the Mayors and Provosts of the United Kingdom, with their ladies.

On Thursday there was a monster ballad concert at the Royal Victoria Coffee-Hall, Waterloo-road, for the benefit of the hall. It was the last of the season.

A conversazione in aid of the City of London Society of Artists and Guildhall Academy of Art was held yesterday week in the Library and Picture Galleries of the Guildhall. The guests numbered about a thousand.

In the annual lawn-tennis contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, played last week at the All England Club Grounds, Wimbledon, Cambridge won both doubles and singles.

The Duke of Newcastle has again returned his tenants 20 per cent of their rents on the past half year; and the Earl of Rosebery has again remitted to the tenants on his Buckingham estate 15 per cent of the rents due Lady Day last.

The number of live stock and the quantity of fresh meat landed at Liverpool during last week from the United States and Canada amounted to 1262 cattle, 6200 quarters of beef, and 791 carcasses of mutton.

Presided over by the Lord Mayor, the eighty-sixth anniversary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys was celebrated last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, and donations were announced amounting to over £14,000—including £6786 from the London district and over £7239 from the provinces.

Sir Algernon Borthwick presided last Saturday evening at the annual dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, at which subscriptions amounting to about £800 were announced, the chairman giving a hundred guineas. Sir Algernon made an excellent and kindly speech.

Mr. J. A. Pictou, Liberal, has been returned, unopposed, for the seat at Leicester, vacant by the retirement of Mr. Taylor. Mr. Muntz, the Conservative candidate, has been returned for the vacancy in North Warwickshire caused by the death of Mr. Bromley-Davenport, he having polled 5282 votes, against 3538 recorded for Mr. Corbett, his Liberal opponent. The result makes no difference in the state of parties.

CITY GUILDS.—No. V.: DRAPERS' COMPANY.

In Throgmorton-street, a few steps from the Bank of England and the Stock Exchange, stands the handsome palace of the Drapers' Company. It was rebuilt about fifteen years ago, from the designs of Mr. Herbert Williams, and a view of the interior was published in our Journal of Jan. 14, 1871. The outer front, of Portland stone, is elaborately ornamented with sculptured festoons of foliage, lions' heads and rams' heads, and the arms of the Company. A lofty archway leads into an open quadrangle surrounded by cloisters of five arches on each side of the square; above these are stone panels with sculptured allegorical designs, heads and groups of figures, by Mr. E. W. Wyon. The entrance to the building is through a stately vestibule, with elliptical groined ceiling and four circular lights of stained glass; the grand staircase, which is circular, 29 ft. in diameter, is of veined marble, with balustrades of Devonshire spar, and is divided into eight bays by polished marble columns; the walls are richly panelled with similar materials, with which the floor of the landing is also paved; and the whole is surmounted by a painted and gilded dome, 70 ft. in height. The great dining-hall is one of the most beautiful rooms in London; 82 ft. long, 46 ft. wide, and 44 ft. high; it has a semicircular upper end, with a half dome; along each side is a range of monolith marble columns, 14 ft. high, detached from the walls, and corresponding pilasters behind: they rise from plinths of black and green marble, decorated with gold. Above the side colonnade are six windows of stained glass; mottoes inscribed in gold letters are displayed on the frieze; and the panelled ceiling is upheld by gigantic figures leaning forward from consoles over the tops of the pillars. The portraits of the Kings of England, from William III. to William IV., that of George IV. being at the end of the room, are ranged along one side. The reception-rooms, drawing-room, and court dining-room, are shown in our Sketches. There is a pleasant small garden behind; the more extensive ground known as "Drapers' Gardens," partly as Throgmorton-avenue, being now occupied by the offices of stock-brokers, commission-agents, and other business men, with a quiet way for foot-passengers to London-wall and Finsbury-circus, or to the Liverpool-street railway stations. The site of this Hall was that of the mansion belonging to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in the reign of Henry VIII., previously to which the Drapers' Company kept house in St. Swithin's-lane.

The Drapers' Company had had a customary existence from the time of Edward I., but got their first Charter of incorporation from Edward VI. in 1564, and in 1439, by a fresh charter from Henry VI., obtained more considerable privileges, as the "Guild or Fraternity of the Blessed Mary the Virgin, of the Mystery of Drapers." It is recorded, however, that the first Lord Mayor of London, Henry Fitz-Aylwin, who was elected in 1191, and held office twenty-five years, was one of the Drapers. They seem to have been originally connected, in a group of ancient guilds of the clothing trades, with the Clothworkers (who were properly "shearmen" and fullers), the Weavers, the Linen-Armourers, and the Merchant Taylors; but these several crafts branched off and separated from each other, as they found their respective trade interests not quite identical in the changes of the market. The Drapers, jointly with the Merchant Taylors, held the annual trade search at St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and Southwark Fairs, carrying with them a standard measure called "the Company's ell"; after which they enjoyed a frugal repast of bread, wine, and pears, in the year 1485, costing fifteen pence halfpenny, which was no more than their public services had fairly merited that day. At the present time, four centuries afterwards, they fare much more sumptuously, but do nothing for the woollen trade.

The government of the Company is vested in the Master, elected yearly, four Wardens, and a Court of Assistants, numbering twenty-two. We give the Portraits of the Master, Mr. R. P. Barrow, and the Clerk, Mr. W. P. Sawyer. The membership is obtained by purchase, at the rate of £119 4s. for the freedom of the Company, and £25 more for the livery, which is granted only to freemen of four years' standing. The finances of the Company, which also holds a large amount of trust property for charities, are stated to be as follows:—Income for the year, £50,141; from fees, £155. Expenditure, £45,143: for rents, rates, &c., £2830; repairs, furniture, and plate, £5018; annual subscriptions, donations, and pensions, £12,319; salaries in England, £2140; in Ireland, £2000; Courts and Committees, including dinners, £4984; public entertainments, £6112; improvements in Ireland, £1968; new buildings in England, £5878. The sums expended in furtherance of technical and general education in ten years have been as follows:—£2659, £4352, £2577, £2721, £3684, £3161, £3205, £5482, £7373, and £7157. Among the charitable and educational foundations, managed by this Company, are Queen Elizabeth's College at Greenwich, endowed by William Flambarde, the Kentish antiquary, in 1575, for twenty poor persons; several other almshouses at Tottenham, Stratford or Bow, Stepney, Mile-end, Shoreditch, and Southwark, and in Berks and Surrey; the Green-Coat School, at Greenwich, founded by Sir William Boreman; two schools in Wales, for orphan girls; and the Tottenham Orphan School; and many pensions, apprentice fees, and scholarships, which have recently been enlarged.

The report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Livery Companies of the City of London has now been published. It is signed by Lord Derby, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Sherbrooke, and Lord Coleridge, and also by Sir Sydney Waterlow, Mr. Pell, M.P., Mr. James, M.P., Mr. Firth, M.P., and Mr. Burt, M.P. The dissentients are Sir Richard Cross, M.P., Sir Nathaniel Rothschild, M.P., and Alderman Cotton, M.P., who have signed an independent report, which materially differs, both in its statements and its conclusions, from that of the majority. Besides this, Alderman Cotton signs and submits a special protest of his own. The majority of the Commissioners of Inquiry recommend that the Companies should be placed, by Act of Parliament, under the control of an executive Commission, to secure the better application of their trust funds, and that of a portion of their corporate incomes to objects of acknowledged public utility, such as education, scientific research, the maintenance of hospitals, picture-galleries, museums, public libraries, public baths, parks and open spaces for recreation, the improvement of workmen's dwellings, and subsidies to trade benefit societies of workmen. It is stated that, from the rise in the value of the land, the income of some of the Companies from their house property in London—which constitutes the bulk of the property of all the Companies—has more than doubled during the last twenty-five years, and may be expected to show a large further increase in the future. These sources of income may be thus classified:—(1) Trust income, about £200,000, which is spent under the supervision of the Charity Commission; (2) Corporate income, arising from lands and moneys, which belong to the Companies as private property. From £550,000 to £600,000 is corporate income. As to the expenditure of the corporate income, "the Commissioners compute that about £175,000 is annually spent on "maintenance," £150,000 on benevolent objects, and £100,000 on entertainments.

CHES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PILGRIM (Preston).—The key move of the Australian Problem is Kt to B 4th. The solutions are acknowledged in the usual place, and we shall refer to the other points mentioned next week.
HERWARD (Oxford).—We like your last Problem well, and hope to find it correct.
D A (Dublin).—Glad to hear from you again. Any Problem of yours shall receive our best consideration.
G O (Eastbourne).—Your Problem is still under examination.
W B M (Barnstaple).—Nodoubt you are right, but we have not yet had time to examine all the letters received on the subject.
W C C (Abergavenny).—See answer to W E M.
W E T (New York).—Card received, and contents noted.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2099, 2100, 2101, and 2102 received from O H B (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2102 from W R James (Bangalore); of No. 2107 from F Gibbins (Tiflis); of No. 2098 from W Sibley, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), E L G, Captain Ballock, Pilgrim, W E Manley; of No. 2099 from E L G, St. Helena, Pilgrim, W Sibley, D W (Udny), New Forest, S Miall, R Worters (Canterbury), W E Manley, James Easton, and E C H (Worthing); of the Copenhagen Problem from E L G and Pilgrim; and of the Australian Problem from E L G and J A B.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2100 received from R H Brooks, J Gaskin, Hereward, J Hall, H Wardell, Alpha, H Z, E Featherstone, H H Noyes, L L Greenaway, W J Rudman, Joseph Ainsworth, Ben Nevis, A Kurlberg (Hamburg), S Bullen, J Kalthenthaler, S Lowndes, W Hillier, E Casella (Paris), James Pilkington, G Seymour, B L Dyke, C S Cox, Aaron Harper, Carl Frieleichen, Captain Ballock, Black Knight, J R W, F M (Edinburgh), Venator, J A Schuncke, F and G Howitt, Bernard Green, A Bruin, Shadforth, Emmo (Darlington), Nerina, H Wardell, L Falcon (Antwerp), S Farrant, C Darrah, R L Southwell, F Ferris, Jupiter Junior, E E H, F Hoffman, George Jolley, Francis Spiro, H A L S, T G (Ware), Rev. W Anderson, J R (Edinburgh), Galahad, T H, Pilgrim, D A (Dublin), L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, G L Mene, Florence (Exeter), B Worters (Canterbury), Herward, Otto Fidler (Ghent), L Desanges, T Gaffin Junior, E Loudon, John Cornish, R J Vines, John Hodgson (Maidstone), and E B Wood.

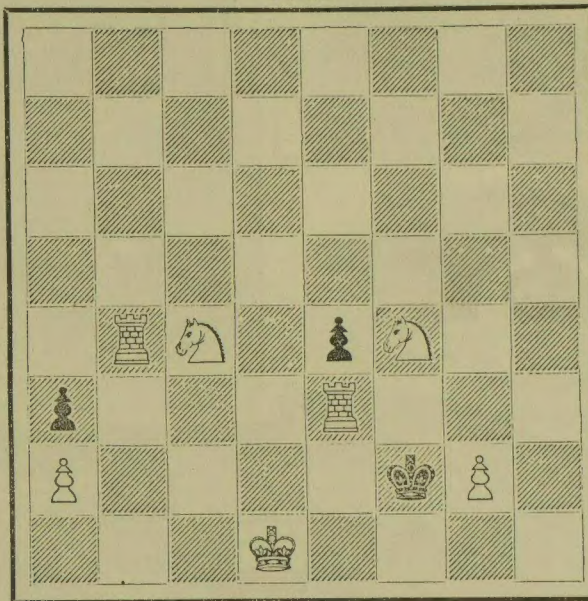
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2099.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K B 3rd. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2102.

By H. EICHSTADT.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the second competition for the Liverpool silver cup between the Rev. Mr. Owen and Mr. A. Burn. The notes appended to the moves have been contributed by Mr. Owen.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. O.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. O.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	18. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	19. Q to K R 3rd	P to K B 3rd
3. B to Q Kt 2nd	B to Q Kt 2nd	20. Kt takes K P	P takes Kt
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. K B P takes P	The best!
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. P takes B	Kt to Q 2nd
6. B to Q 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	23. R takes R	R takes R (ch)
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 3rd	24. Kt takes Q B P	Q Kt to K B 3rd
8. Castles	Castles	25. Q to K 6th (ch)	R to K B 2nd
9. Kt to K 5th	P to Q B 4th	26. P takes Q Kt P	P takes P
10. P to K B 4th	P to Q R 3rd	27. B to Q R 3rd	Q takes P
11. P to Q R 4th	R to Q B 2nd	28. B takes Q Kt P	
Not good. Q to Q B 2nd appears preferable.			
12. Q to K square		29. Kt takes Q	Q takes Q
White seems now to have the better game.			
13. Q R to Q sq	P to K Kt 3rd	30. B to Q B 5th	Kt to K Kt 2nd
14. P to K B 3rd	Q to Q B 2nd	31. Kt to Q 5th	R to Q 2nd
15. Q to K 2nd	B to R sq	32. B takes R	Kt takes B
White here intentionally loses a move with his Queen.			
16. Q Kt to K B 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd	33. R to Q R sq	
17. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to K sq	and Black resigned.	
Too retreating, I think.			
More than questionable.			
Bold against such a player; but analysis will, I think, justify it.			

The meeting of the Counties Chess Association at Bath, which commences on the 28th inst., promises to be the most successful of the series. The old list of vice-presidents is supplemented, this year, by many influential names, among which appear those of Earl Dartmouth, the Mayor of Bath, Canon Brooke (Bath), Dr. Norman (Bath), F. H. Lewis, Esq., W. H. Cutbison, Esq., Rev. J. Greene, Thomas Avery, Esq., F. Cartwright, Esq., G. O. Cutler, Esq., Rev. John Owen, J. O. Howard Taylor, Esq., Rev. W. Wayte, Rev. C. E. Ranken, E. Thorold, Esq., &c. The following is the programme of the several tournaments:—

Class 1.—Division 1.—Open to British Amateurs, on subscription of £1 1s., who have previously won the first prize at any of the meetings of the association, or who have otherwise, in the opinion of the committee, eminently distinguished themselves. First prize, £12; second prize, £5. Other prizes if there are more than six competitors.

Class 1.—Division 2.—Open to British Amateurs, on subscription of £1 1s. First prize, £10; second prize, £4. There will be a time limit in this class of an hour for twenty moves.

The Rev. J. Greene, of Clifton, has given £5 5s. for special prizes in lower classes, and £5 5s. has been given by Mr. F. H. Lewis, as first prize in the handicap tournament.

Class 2.—Open to British Amateurs, on subscription of 10s. 6d. First prize, £7; second prize, £3.

It is also intended that there shall be the usual handicap class, a class for local competitors, with, probably, evening play.

All entries must be sent, together with the entrance fees, on or before July 18, 1884, to the honorary secretary and treasurer, the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Telford Rectory, Horncastle.

There was an exciting finish to the match, played on the 26th ult., the Bristol and Clifton Chess Association on the one side and Bath and District on the other. According to the *Bristol Times* and *Mirror*, the conditions of play were that two games only were to be played by each pair, draws to be counted half a point, the move to be taken alternately, and games unfinished at 8.30 p.m. to be adjudicated by the two captains. The result, after adjudication, was a tie, each side scoring 1½.

The following is the pairing of the players, and their respective scores:—

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON.		BATH AND DISTRICT.	
Mr. W. Perry (President) ...	0 0	Mr. W. E. Hill ...	1 0
Mr. C. Boorne ...	1 0	Rev. E. Pierpoint ...	0 1
Mr. N. Fedden ...	0 0	Mr. E. Thorold ...	1 ½
Mr. W. Franklin ...	0 1	Mr. W. Pollock ...	1 0
Mr. W. Hall ...	1 1	Mr. G. H. Caple ...	0 0
Mr. W. H. Harsant ...	½ 1	Mr. J. Burt ...	½ 0
Mr. O. Hunt ...	0 ½	Mr. J. Pollock ...	1 ½
Rev. G. H. Jones ...	0 1	Mr. F. A. Hill ...	1 0
Dr. Prichard ...	1 0	Dr. Hathway ...	0 1
Rev. N. Tibbits ...	0 ½	Mr. A. Rumbold ...	1 ½
Mr. W. Tribe ...	1 0	Mr. S. Highfield ...	0 1
Rev. J. E. Vernon ...	½ 0	Mr. T. H. D. May ...	½ 0
Rev. R. Southby ...	1 0	Mr. A. Giles ...	0 0
Total ...	11½	Total ...	11½

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF ARRAN.

The Right Hon. Philip-Yorke Gore, K.P., fourth Earl of Arran, Viscount Sudley, of Castle Gore, and Baron Saunders, of Deeps, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet, died on the 25th ult. He was born Nov. 23, 1801, the eldest son of Colonel the Hon. William John Gore (second son of Arthur Saunders, second Earl of Arran, K.P.) and of Caroline, his wife, youngest daughter and coheir of Sir Thomas Pym Hales, Bart. In 1820 he entered the Diplomatic Service, was Secretary of Legation to Rio La Plata in 1827, and Chargé d'Affaires there from 1832 to 1834. In 1837 he succeeded, at the death of his uncle, to the family honours, and married in the following year Elizabeth Marianne, second daughter of General Sir William Francis Patrick Napier, K.C.B., and leaves, besides three daughters, one son, Arthur Saunders William Charles Fox, Viscount Sudley, now fifth Earl of Arran, born Jan. 6, 1839, who married, in 1865, Edith, daughter of the late Viscount Jocelyn, and by her (who died Oct. 3, 1871) has issue. The Earl, whose death we record, was the Senior Knight of St. Patrick, having been invested May 6, 1841.

SIR A. C. T. DICKSON, BART.

Sir Alexander Collingwood Thomas Dickson, fifth Baronet, Captain R.N., died on the 22nd ult. He was born Aug. 1, 1810, the fifth son of Rear-Admiral Sir Archibald-Collingwood Dickson, second Baronet, and succeeded at the death of his brother, Sir Colpoys, in 1863, to the baronetcy conferred in 1802 on the gallant naval officer Admiral Sir Archibald Dickson. Sir Alexander married, 1837, Miss Amelia Caroline Beauleckr Whimper, but had no issue. The title devolves, consequently, on his nephew, who has assumed, by Royal license, the surname of Poynder, and is now Sir John Poynder, sixth Baronet.

MR. DONOVAN OF BALLYMORE.

Mr. Richard Donovan of Ballymore, in the county of Wexford, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff, 1859, died on the 24th ult., aged sixty-four. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Richard Donovan of Ballymore, by Frances, his wife, eldest daughter and coheir of Edward Westby, Master in Chancery, and represented a branch of the Clan Lochlin branch of the ancient Celtic family of O'Donovan. He married, Jan. 9, 1856, Elizabeth Agnes, daughter of the Rev. Henry Wynne, Rector of Ardcolum, and leaves issue. Mr. Donovan's brothers were the present Lieut.-General Edward Westby Donovan, who served through the Crimean War, and Lieutenant Henry George Donovan, who was killed at the storming of the Redan.

MR. MEREWETHER, Q.C.

Mr. Charles George Merewether, Q.C., formerly Conservative M.P. for Northampton, died on the 26th ult. He was born in 1823, the youngest son of the Rev. Francis Merewether, Rector of Cole Orton, Leicestershire; graduated at Wadham College, Oxford, in 1845; was called to the Bar in 1848, was appointed Recorder of Leicester in 1868, and obtained a silk gown in 1877. He sat in Parliament for Northampton from 1874 to 1880.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Richard Davy, formerly M.P. for West Cornwall, on the 24th ult., at his residence, near Helston, aged eighty-four.

The Rev. John Robinson Hutchinson, M.A., B.D., Senior Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, on the 16th ult., aged seventy-five. He graduated as a Wrangler in 1834.

The Rev. Richard Lane, for thirty-four years Vicar of Wembury, Devon, on the 21st ult., at Brixton Lodge, Plympton, aged seventy-two; second son of the Rev. Richard Lane, late of Colfeet and Bradley.

Mr. John Hamilton, of Brownhall, and St. Ernans, county Donegal, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff, 1826, on the 13th ult., at St. Andrews, in his eighty-fourth year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. James Hamilton, by the Hon. Helen Pakenham, his wife, sister of Thomas, Earl of Longford.

The Rev. Canon Birch, who recently resigned the living at Prestwich, near Manchester, which he had held for many years, on the 29th ult., aged sixty-four. The rev. gentleman was Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales; he was also Proctor in Convocation for the Chapter of Ripon, and a Canon Residentiary of Ripon.

General George Warren, Bengal Infantry, on the 22nd ult., aged eighty-four. He saw a good deal of service in India, was wounded at the siege of Bhurtpore, took part in the campaign in Afghanistan, was again severely wounded at the capture of Ghuznee, and in 1852, at the outbreak of the Burmese War, was nominated to the command of the Bengal Brigade of the expeditionary force.

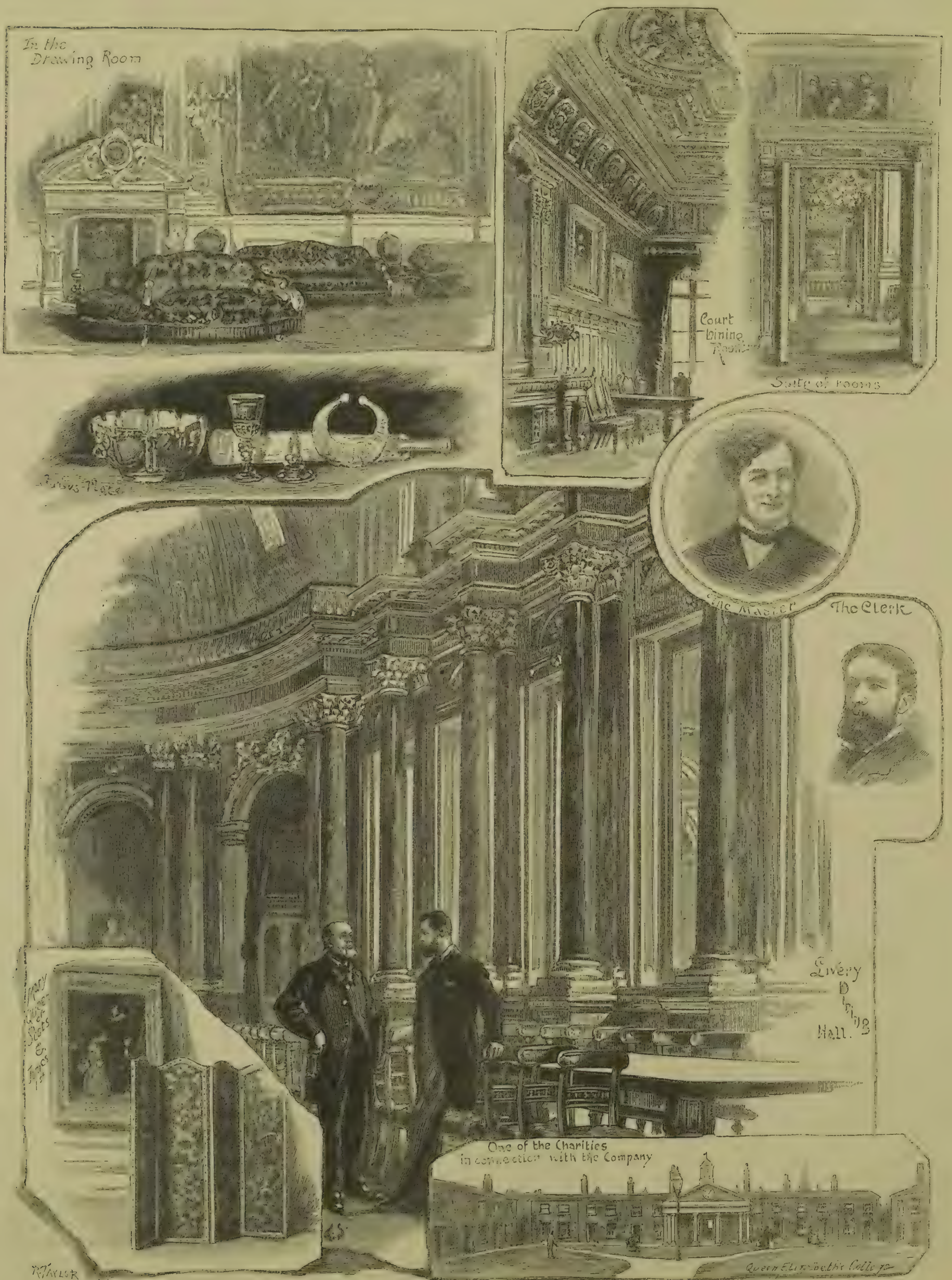
Lady Horatia Elizabeth Wardlaw, at Brighton, on the 1st inst., aged sixty. Her Ladyship was the second daughter of John James, sixth Earl Waldegrave; and married first, in May, 1847, Mr. John J. Webb-Weston, and was left a widow in September, 1849. She married secondly, in November, 1854, Mr. John Wardlaw, son of Lieutenant-General and the Hon. Mrs. Wardlaw.

Lady Charles Russell (Isabella Clarissa), wife of Lord Charles James Fox Russell, late Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons, third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, K.G., by Georgiana, his second wife, daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, on the 19th ult., at Woburn, in her seventy-fourth year. She was daughter of Mr. William Davies of Penylan, and grand-daughter of Lord Robert Seymour; was married April 2, 1834; and had two sons and four daughters.

Mrs. Harriet Georgina Grace, widow of Sheffield Grace, K.H., LL.D., of Knowle, Frant, J.P. and D.L. (brother of Sir William Grace, Bart.), and last surviving daughter of General Sir John Hamilton, Bart., of Woodbrook, in the county of Tyrone, the distinguished Peninsular officer, so celebrated for his defence of Alba de Tormes, on the 21st ult., aged seventy-nine. Her only son, Colonel Sheffield Hamilton Grace, has assumed by Royal license the additional surname of Hamilton.

The Rev. James Baldwin Brown, the eminent Nonconformist Minister, on the 23rd ult., at Coombe, Surrey, aged sixty-four. He was son of James Baldwin Brown, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, by Mary Jane, his wife, sister of the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., of Liverpool, the distinguished and eloquent divine. He was author of several well-known theological works, and contributed frequently to periodical literature. In 1878 he filled the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

THE CITY GUILDS.—NO. V.: THE DRAPERS' COMPANY.





THE LATE PRINCE OF ORANGE,
HEIR APPARENT TO THE KING OF HOLLAND.



DR. H. M. CROOKSHANK,
DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF EGYPTIAN PRISONS.

THE DIRECTOR OF EGYPTIAN PRISONS.

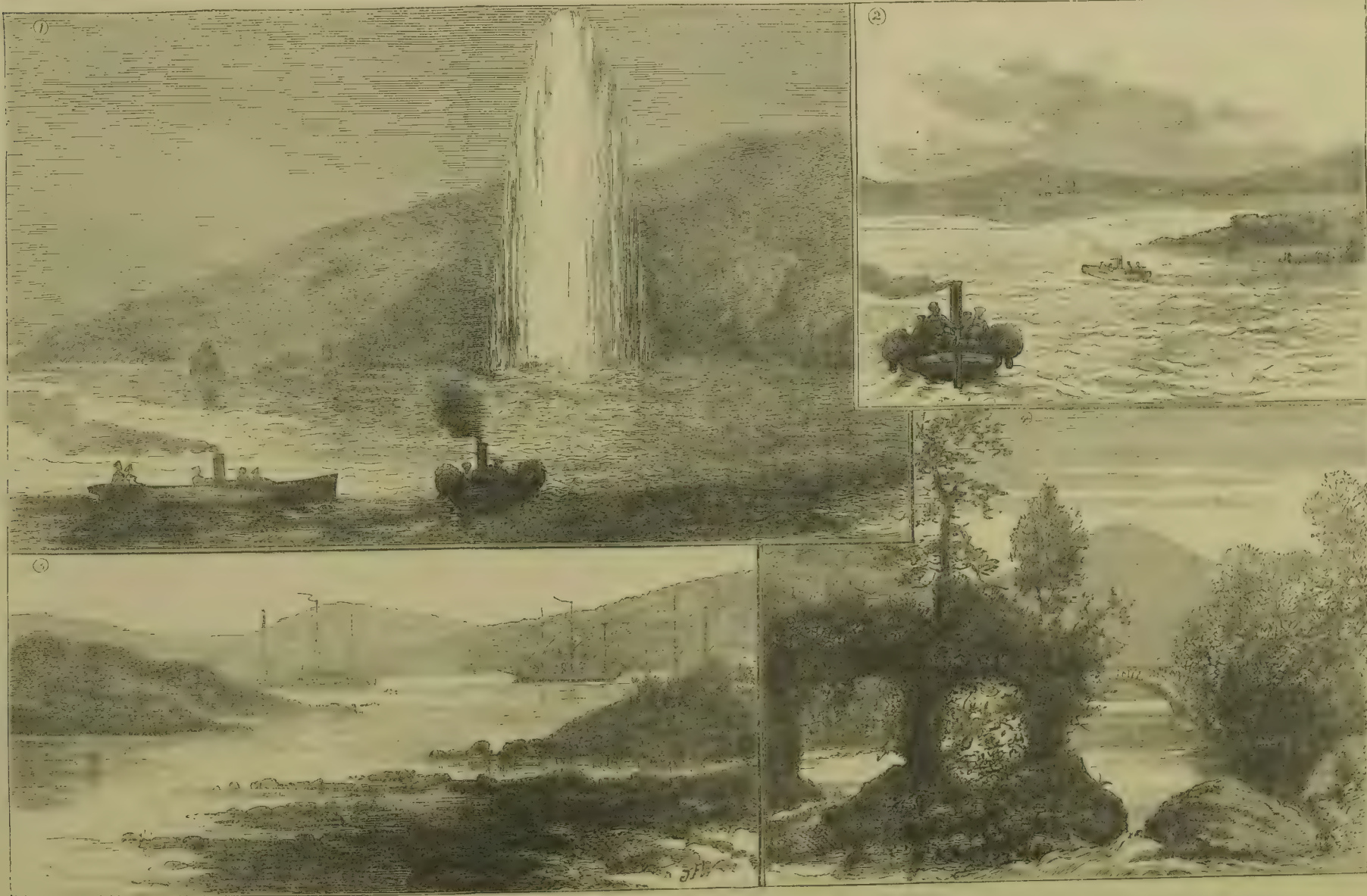
In a long letter to the *Times*, written with a view to correct erroneous statements concerning English administration in Egypt, Mr. Clifford Lloyd records what was done towards reforming the internal administration of the country during the period from September, 1883, to the beginning of April, 1884. He describes the state of the Egyptian prisons as he found them. For this purpose he quotes from a report addressed to him by Dr. Crookshank, the Governor and Director-General of Prisons, who, Mr. Lloyd states, by indefatigable energy and intelligence has succeeded in five months, notwithstanding great difficulties, in bringing his organisation and the jails into a most creditable state. We have much satisfaction in presenting to our readers the portrait of Dr. Harry Maule Crookshank, F.R.C.S., who has deserved such commendation. He is a son of the late Captain Chichester Crookshank, of the 51st King's Own Light Infantry. As a surgeon employed under the British National Aid Society for the Sick and Wounded, he served throughout the Franco-Prussian and Russo-Turkish Wars. He received the German war medal, and, for his services at Sedan and Metz, the French bronze cross. In 1876 he joined the Imperial Ottoman Army as a Surgeon-

Major, during the Turco-Servian war; he served under Mehemet Ali Pasha in Bosnia, and on the Lom received the Turkish war medal, a medal for distinguished service in the field, and the orders of the Osmanieh and Medjidieh (4th class). In 1883 he proceeded to Egypt, having been specially selected to help in the repression of the cholera epidemic. He was subsequently nominated by Mr. Clifford Lloyd to reorganise the whole prison system in that country. He is the author of several medical works, one of which, on "Sick Nursing," has been adopted as a text-book by the St. John's Ambulance Association. The portrait is from a photograph by Lombardi and Co., Pall-Mall East.

THE LATE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

The death, of heart-disease, on the 21st ult., of Alexander Prince of Orange, has given occasion to some conjectures respecting the probable succession to part of the dominions of King William III. His Majesty, who has reigned since 1849, is not only King of the Netherlands, or rather of Holland, but also Grand Duke of Luxemburg, which forms part of the German Confederation, and Duke of Limburg. The deceased Prince, his only son, was born in August, 1851, his mother

being the King's first wife, Princess Sophia of Wurtemberg, who died in 1877. The King married again in 1879, his present consort, Queen Emma, who is not twenty-six years of age, being a daughter of the Prince of Waldeck, whose younger daughter, Princess Helen, married our Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. The late Prince of Orange had always very feeble health, and he is now dead at the age of thirty-two, never having married. His father, the King of Holland, is seventy-seven; and at his death, it now appears, the succession to the Dutch throne will pass to his infant daughter, Princess Wilhelmina, born Aug. 31, 1880. By the Constitution of Holland, a Regent must be appointed by the States-General during the lifetime of the King, her guardians being appointed from among the Royal family and the Dutch nobility. The Princess will attain her majority at eighteen. It is supposed that her mother, Queen Emma, sister of the Duchess of Albany, will be appointed Regent. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg appears likely to become separated from Holland at the King's death, as the Salic law is in force there, the next heir being a German Prince, the Duke of Nassau. The position of Luxemburg, between France and Germany, is of great military importance. The Portrait of the late Prince of Orange is from a photograph by T. M. Scholekamp, of Amsterdam.



1. Firing a live Whitehead Torpedo. 2. Laying Down Countermines to clear the passage of the Enemy's Torpedoes. 3. Landing-Place for the Fleet. 4. Cromwell's Bridge, Glengarriff.

OPERATIONS OF THE CHANNEL FLEET AT BANTRY BAY.

"THE ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE."

A new monthly magazine, published at the *Illustrated London News* Office, 193, Strand, is commenced by the first Number, for July, 1884, and seems calculated to obtain much favour among the members of both the gallant Services, to whose valour and professional skill is intrusted the protection of the British Empire, and of the United Kingdom itself, not only in times of war, but in the general state of preparedness for such emergencies which is still a necessary condition of national safety. Its scope includes "all subjects connected with her Majesty's Land and Sea Forces," and its able contributors, by pen and pencil, will be enlisted from among the many accomplished officers, students of professional science and history, special correspondents of newspapers, special artists, including some of our own, experts in the manufactures subsidiary to modern warfare, and others well qualified to furnish instructive or interesting matter. The "list of patrons" comprises four Admirals of the Fleet, as many Vice-Admirals, half a dozen Generals and Lieutenant-Generals, and many other distinguished flag-officers and field-officers, the Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, the President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, the Directors of Artillery and Stores, and of the Army Clothing Department, the President and Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee, the Commandant of the Hythe School and Inspector-General of Musketry, the Commandant of Royal Marine Artillery at Portsmouth, the Generals commanding two of the Military Divisions, General Sir Gerald Graham, Major-General Crealock, and other officers who have won high distinction. The journal is handsomely got up, in quarto, on fine paper and in clear print, with numerous Illustrations, some of which we are allowed to borrow for two pages of this week's Supplement. The first, entitled "A General Salute," would appear to symbolise the Imperial combination, at the present day, of Indian soldiery with the old historical Army of Great Britain, such as it has been since the time of Marlborough, for one of the figures in the background wears a costume which might have been seen at Ramillies or Blenheim. The other Illustrations refer to the particular subjects of the articles, in which Admiral Sir George Elliot treats of "Line-of-battle Ships and Torpedo-vessels;" Captain Berkeley, of "Swift Cruisers;" Major Hutton, of "Mounted Infantry;" Major W. J. Elliott, of the Battle of Salamanca, with reference especially to the "Heroism of Women in War," as exemplified by Mrs. Dalbiac, wife of the Colonel commanding the British heavy cavalry; while the artists, Mr. R. Caton Woodville, Mr. W. H. Overend, H. M. and S. Paget, provide capital Illustrations for the above subjects. But we have not yet enumerated half the contents of this Number. Its frontispiece is a good aqua-tint photograph of Mr. Woodville's spirited picture, "Saving the Guns at Maiwand." A critical and personal memoir of that talented artist, written by Mr. Athol Mayhew, with a portrait and a peep into his studio, by Mr. Walter Wilson, finds place among the articles of general interest. Professional and technical disquisitions, one by Colonel Charles Brackenbury on Cavalry Tactics, and one upon the manufacture and use of British bayonets, with illustrative diagrams, will be very useful to students of the military art. The newly instituted "Order of the Red Cross," for ladies nursing the sick and wounded, or assisting such benevolent and humane work, is described and illustrated with fine portraits of the Queen and the Princess of Wales, by Mr. Rudolph Blind. There is a good practical article on our Volunteer Force, called "Citizen Soldiers," by Colonel L'Estrange. The

Editor supplies contemporary notices and comments upon events of military interest; and a monthly list of the actual distribution of the regiments of the British and the Indian Army, and of the Royal Navy, is appended to this publication. We cannot doubt that it will meet the approval of all ranks of officers, at home and abroad, and of many other persons who cherish an interest in the affairs of their honourable profession.

Mr. Edward North Buxton presided at the anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' School, held at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday. It was announced that the president's list amounted to £1456, and the subscribers' list to £5300.

The past and present members of Balliol College, Oxford, gave a dinner last Saturday to the Speaker of the House of Commons. There was a large and distinguished company present, and the health of the guest was proposed by the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Balliol.

The annual distribution of prizes to the children of the Royal Asylum of the Society of St. Anne, Streatham-hill, took place last Saturday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, who is treasurer and one of the vice-presidents. There are at present 200 boys and 140 girls in the asylum.

The Duchess of Roxburghe, acting on behalf of Princess Louise, opened a grand floral fête and fancy fair on Tuesday at the Duke of Wellington's Riding-School, Knightsbridge, in aid of the Provident Surgical Appliance Society, which annually relieves three thousand of the crippled poor.

The sale of the Leigh Court Gallery collection of pictures, belonging to Sir P. W. Miles, M.P., took place last Saturday, at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, and realised £44,296. The *Woman Taken in Adultery* (Rubens) brought 5500 guineas; a *Claude Lorraine*, 5800 guineas; and a *Holy Family*, by Murillo, 3800 guineas.

Sir Nathaniel M. de Rothschild, M.P., presented the prizes on Sunday to the successful pupils of the Jews' Free School, Bell-lane, Spitalfields. There are 3500 scholars on the school registers, and the organisation recently obtained from the Vice-President of the Council on Education the praise of being "a marvellous institution."

Under the patronage of Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, a concert-lecture on "Henry W. Longfellow, his Life and Lyrics," was given on Friday evening, the 4th inst., at Exeter Hall, by Miss Jennie Young, of New York, in aid of the funds of the Princess Louise Home for Young Girls. The Marquis of Lorne presided.—This (Saturday) evening the same lady will give at the same place a concert-lecture, "Thoughts about Women," in aid of the funds of the same society, Professor J. Stuart-Blackie in the chair.

In London 2691 births and 1471 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 99, and the deaths by 1, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 29 from smallpox, 78 from measles, 23 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 80 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 21 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, and 39 from diarrhoea and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had decreased in the eight preceding weeks from 360 to 227, further fell to 218 last week, but exceeded the corrected weekly average by 4. Different forms of violence caused 48 deaths; 35 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 4 from drowning, and 5 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Thirteen cases of suicide were registered.

TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS, BANTRY BAY.

Last week, while the Channel Fleet lay in Bantry Bay, under command of the Duke of Edinburgh, a series of experiments with submarine mines and with fully-charged Whitehead torpedoes were made by two vessels of the squadron. The steam-pinnace of the *Minotaur*, on the 23rd ult., discharged a Whitehead torpedo at a large rock at the head of the bay. The machine ran at a rate of 13 knots an hour, being loaded with a charge of 117 lb. of gun cotton. It was adjusted to run 400 yards, and was discharged when the pinnace was about 300 yards from the rock. The torpedo, a 16-inch one, weighed 600 lb. It struck the face of the rock 7 ft. from the surface, and threw up about thirty tons of water to a height of 300 ft., also several pieces of rock. The result of the experiment was considered most satisfactory, the more so as the rock was very unfavourable for the purpose, containing a number of crevices and presenting no even surface, such as a ship would. The base of the rock was nearly destroyed, large pieces being disconnected. The second experiment, conducted by the *Neptune*, was not successful; the machine did not go fair, and missed. It ran its full course of 400 yards and sank. During the stay of the fleet in Bantry Bay, it was to be joined by the torpedo flotilla, consisting of three first-class torpedo-boats from Chatham, as many from Portsmouth, and two from Plymouth, each in charge of a lieutenant, which were to operate in connection with the Channel Squadron, after completing their preliminary training at Portland.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has knighted the Mayor of Belfast, Mr. David Taylor.

Mr. Sheehan, a Liberal, was on Monday elected Mayor for the city of Cork by a majority of two votes over the nominee of the Nationalists.

The Rev. Dr. Salmon, Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin, has been selected by the Institute of France to fill its vacant foreign membership.

It has been decided by the Court of Common Council to found a scholarship of £50 per annum in connection with the City and Guilds of London Institute, to be called the "Royal Albany Scholarship."

An exhibition of old silver, antiquities, and other curiosities, has been held this week at 30, Cadogan-square, by permission of the Earl and Countess Cadogan, on behalf of the Girls' Friendly Society in the diocese of London.

Judgment in the action against Mr. Bradlaugh for having sat and voted in the House of Commons without having taken the oath was on Monday entered for the Crown, but the defendant obtained leave to move an arrest of judgment.

Mr. Morley, M.P., has received further donations of £10 from the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. William Jones Lloyd towards a fund of £2000 required for completing the purchase of the freehold house and grounds which form a convalescent home for working men at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover.

The Mercers' Company have sent a second donation of 100 guineas to Professor Monier Williams for the funds of the Indian Institute; and the Fishmongers' Company have sent £50 towards the East-End Emigration Fund, of which Mr. E. N. Charrington is the hon. treasurer.

A spacious hall, to the cost of which Mr. Samuel Morley contributed £500, was opened at Bristol, on Monday, by the Young Men's Christian Association, by whom it has been built in commemoration of the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey and the work which they were the means of accomplishing in Bristol.

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This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and growth in from eight to twelve days.

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What gives luxuriance to each tress, And plucks each one's fancy?

What adds a charm of perfect grace, And Nature's gift enhances?

What gives a bright and beautiful gloss, And what says each reviewer?

"That quite successful is the use OF 'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

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What gives luxuriance to each tress, Like some bright halo beaming?

What makes the hair a perfect mass Of splendid ringlets teeming?

What gives profusion in excess? Why, what says each reviewer?



DRAWN BY HIAL LUDLOW.

Captain Quickset followed the Parson into the vestry, where he caught his still surprised reverence in the act of filling a mug from a large jug of ale.

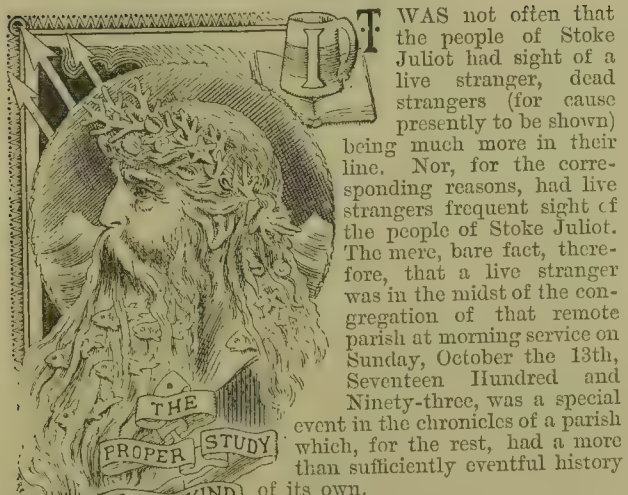
ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECOND TIME OF ASKING.



of Newfoundland, some three thousand miles away. But, having crept into existence before anybody had discovered the advantages of fresh air—not to speak of ozone—the village (for it was, and is, nothing more) sneaked out of ocean's sight round the first practicable corner, and half perched, half hid itself on a landward slope, so that the coast might serve as a rampart against the west wind and the angel of health who rides thereon. It is true that the first settlers and their descendants thereby laid their faces open to the demon of the East; but they were wise in their generation, since the wind from the sea, which to us brings life with every buffet, was apt, in their day, to bring in the Danes. So you might sail all along that coast, from steep Oxhorn and yet more fatal Wrackstone on the north, past Skullcross Bay and the vast desert of sand and dune that follows, to Sack Point on the south, and on past St. Brannock's Burrows to the Taw, without guessing at the existence of a Stoke Juliot—unless, indeed, you

were on board a West Indiaman homeward bound, in a strong wind, a dark night, and the shore a-lee. Then, indeed, you would find out Stoke Juliot, sure enough; and might publish your discovery, if, by the help of Heaven, you left it alive.

This especial stranger, however, had not come into the place by the usual sea-road, but had been blown thither from the East—whence the wise men come—a *rara avis*, indeed. He would have been nothing out of the common, even so near as Bideford or Barnstaple—a lean young man, of compact build and middle stature, with an alert, self-possessed bearing, well-trimmed and shaven, and with new and well-cut clothes of the latest fashion; just such a young man as might be seen in any parish church any Sunday in any year. Perhaps, indeed, in those days more commonly than in these, when it is not so much the habit of young men in strange places to sit through matins, Litany, sermon, and the rest, all for nothing and all alone. But, in Stoke Juliot, the fact of his being a stranger made him so much of a Phoenix that a Duke could not have drawn to himself a single microscopic gaze from a single eye more than he. When every eye is staring its hardest, nothing is left, even for the King. Thus it was that a pair of marvellously quick and keen grey eyes, an aquiline nose, and a good-natured, good-tempered mouth diverted a certain amount of attention among the brown-eyed, broad-nosed folk of Stoke Juliot—even from the coat of deep claret-coloured broad-cloth, the embroidered waistcoat, and the fine linen neckcloth, whereof the like had never been seen since the Young Lavinia went to pieces between the Wrackstone and Skullcross Bay. That he was rather of the build of a champagne bottle about the shoulders, and narrow about the chest, received less note from that broad and burly congregation than such details would have obtained where that style of human architecture is more common. For it seemed only according to the fitness of things that the owner of so fine a coat, and of a waistcoat like that, should neither toil nor spin. For men who *must* work for bread used to wonder a good deal at men who *will* work for play; and they wonder a little still, despite the commonness of amateur muscle. There were no cricket clubs in those days, and it was thought genteel to suggest the camelopard in one's figure, and to show soft, white hands. The stranger showed his hands a good deal, by resting them alternately, with careless grace, on the edge of his high pew.

For his part, this fine young gentleman had plenty of time for making his own observations in return. For, though eleven o'clock was the hour for service, and it was already more than half past, no clergyman had appeared. However, as nobody seemed to take any notice of the resemblance of the church to

a Quakers' meeting, beyond an occasional creak from the parish fiddle or grunt from its bassoon, the stranger, like a man of the world, took the situation as a matter of course, and made the most of it by pursuing the proper study of mankind. Indeed, except for an ecclesiologist very far in advance of his age, there was little else to study. True, the church, dedicated to Saint Juliot, who, as everybody knows, was the daughter of Prince Brychan of Wales, and had twenty-three brothers and sisters, all, as well as herself, saints in the British calendar, was of extreme antiquity, and of a squat ugliness so complete as to render it wellnigh unique among all the churches of the land. But whatever interest it no doubt possessed in detail had been rendered null and void by many generations of Gallios—not, indeed, that a Gallio is the worst enemy a church can know, considering what the restoring Vandal has done. The area, small of itself, was rendered still smaller by the devotion of a good half of the gallery to a haystack; on one of a more or less broken row of pegs driven into the crumbling plaster of the north wall hung a scythe; a coil of old fishing-nets over two more. In front of the clerk's desk, under a black oak pulpit worthy of Flanders, stood a table, obviously made of broken ship timbers, and curiously marked with such stains as are left by rustic smokers; indeed, from a sea-chest under the table the stranger's swift eyes perceived the projection of a brownish-white bowl of clay. Obviously, the parish church was more closely connected with the daily life of Stoke Juliot than was usual in England at large. But the young gentleman's eyes were soon sated with such like ecclesiastical eccentricities. They rambled round at their own level, from the winter-apple face of the oldest inhabitant to the labyrinthine wrinkles of the parish grand-dame, to wind-blown fisherman and stout matron, wondering a little how all the parish seemed to have been turned out of the same rough mould, so like brothers and sisters, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, grand-parents and grand-children all were, till they settled down at last on the most natural place within their reach—the prettiest face they could find.

Even a common parish mould will turn out its happy accidents now and then. The face which thus, for want of a better, drew and fixed the regards of the stranger was a happy accident—speaking by comparison. The eyes were dark, of the precise shade of hazel that characterised all Stoke Juliot in days when all the goddesses to whom mortals made verses were composed of rose, lily, and violet, carnation and cream; but hers had a little more light of their own in them; they were at once more grave and less dull. Her hair was hidden under a hideous covering of black beaver, but he had an admirable view of her nose, which, while sharing in the

common tendency to be flat and broad, contrived to convert, by means of some imperceptible variation of some infinitesimal line, a certain leonine heaviness into a curious piquancy. Every painter, and still more every sculptor, knows what miracles the merest shadow of a shade's breadth of difference in touch will do. For the rest, cheeks and lips had at any rate the beauty of youth; and sufficient unto the day thereof is the good as well as the evil. A time might come when the softly crimsoned brown would coarsen into the florid tan which reigned round her under the influence of east wind and west wind, the blaze of the sun, and the glare of the sea; and when the lips, already somewhat over full and ripe, would grow either like some, merely heavy, or, like others, both heavy and hard. For there was no pleasant look about the St. Juliot's mouth; and no wonder, if all tales about those who had owned it for generations were but half true. But meanwhile—

In such speculations on the vanity of all things, even of youth and beauty, the strange young gentleman was no doubt more or less profitably engaged, when a tramp as of an elephant in boots, and a commotion in the close air as of the advent of Æolus, disturbed him from his reverie. He had hardly time to shift his eyes from the black beaver, quick as they were, before

"When the wicked man"—

thundered through the church as if Stentor had come again. There was no doubt about it—a Parson had come at last, and was making up, both in speed and in volume of sound, for lost time.

A Parson? Surely *The Parson*: if definite articles and capital letters have any value at all. Indeed, he would have made an ordinary parson and a half, if not an entire Two. The fishermen of Stoke St. Juliot were burly fellows, beyond the common run; but the burliest of them all was not so burly as he. He measured six feet two, if an inch; he weighed eighteen stone, if a pound, and all this not by fat, but by good bone, muscle, and brawn. Yet he did not look altogether so wholesome as he should have done. His face was florid, it is true, where it was not yellowish white, but quite evidently not like the cheeks of his flock, with sun and wind; his eyes, naturally of a pale blue, were blood-shot, his nose much too fleshy, and his lips coarse and protruding. As for his three chins, which might be the original of them had become hard to say. Add to these things a fringe of sandy hair showing under an antique scratch wig put on awry, a crumpled pair of bands, and a stained surplice huddled on anyhow over an old coat of the shabbiest snuff-colour, and the secret of how Stoke St. Juliot came to have a bad name, and the gallery to be used for a hayloft, stood revealed. Nay, the figure of this mountainous sloven with the voice of a trumpet sufficed to withdraw the eyes of the young buck below from the parish belle. For the grotesque is the only formidable rival that beauty knows.

This same young buck, having clearly found his way here from civilised regions, had now ample food for both eyes and ears in the big parson, the wizened clerk below him, and the fiddle, flute, and bassoon, which the clerk's pitch-pipe set going, and then left to their own individual and most commonly hostile wills. In what mood he followed the service depended upon whether devotion or humour prevailed in his composition. If the former, he must have been scandalised: if the latter, he must have, at any rate, been amused—unless, indeed, he had that depth and breadth of humour which understands how a cracked fiddle, an asthmatic flute, and an indescribable bassoon may surpass the grandest of cathedral organs in the spirit which (to commit but little violence on George Herbert) "makes them and the music fine."

I doubt, however, if one so completely self-possessed and at his ease had much of either devotion or humour. A slight smile hovered on his lips, but then it never left them; it was the same for beauty, parson, clerk, and choir. It was never a whole smile, yet it gave the impression of being as much as the lips could manage, even should they condescend to attempt more. It was the same when he regarded his own white hands, and when the trio of musicians extemporised a deplorably appropriate accompaniment to

Like as the hart doth pant and bray
The well springs to obtain.

Nor did it alter by a shade when the parson, having squeezed himself into the pulpit, proclaimed—

"I publish the Banns of Marriage between Cornelius Hale, bachelor, and Tamzin Craddock, spinster, both of this parish: If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two Simpletons should not be joined together in wedlock ye are to declare it: This is the second time of asking: and I hope before the third, seeing that Tamzin is in my own service, and well off, and Cornelius can't keep himself sober, let alone a wife, they'll have got into a more reasonable state of mind. There'll be no sermon to-day, because I had to sit up all night with my cow, that's sick, and I can't afford to lose her these hard times. But it doesn't matter, for I've not seen one bit of improvement in the parish (especially among the farmers) since my last: and as that didn't bring them to their senses, I don't know what will. As the Greek has it, *Glōssē gar auchōn t'adiē eu peristelein, esti d'oue agan sophos*. You may go."

The unknown tongue seemed to contain double thunder. The preacher wasted none of its effect, but made his exit even as his entrance had been. The young man lingered in his pew until the black beaver bonnet had passed him on its way to the porch, and had received from him, to its apparent amaze and confusion, as impudent a glance as fine gentleman ever threw to a pretty country girl. He triumphed in her blush, and followed the parson into the vestry, where he caught his still surprised reverence in the act of filling a mug from a large jug of ale. He also observed that the parson wore high top boots splashed with red clay, meeting a pair of corduroy breeches such as ploughmen wore, but of which any reputable ploughman would be ashamed.

"I have the honour," said the young man, in a thin, but not unmusical voice, "of speaking to the Reverend Jordan Pengold, Vicar of Stoke Ju—"

"I'm Parson Pengold," said the Vicar, in a broad North Devon, of which not a trace had been noticeable in the pulpit. "And who are you? Will you have some ale?"

"My name is Quickset—Captain Quickset, you know, of the North, and the Indies, and all there," said the visitor. Never, I suppose, in all this world of contrasts was there ever a greater than between this big sloven of a parson, with his red face and heavy jowl, and the dapper little Captain, all spruce and polite—unless, indeed, it might be between a white poodle and a brown bear.

"And you've come to forbid the banns of that foolish wench, Tamzin Craddock, ch?" asked the Parson.

"If the lady is that monstrous pretty girl that was in the pew under the mowing-machine," said the Captain, "I forbid them with all my soul."

"What—little Nance Derrick? What's she to do with Tamzin's banns?"

"Oh—if it wasn't she who was asked, Heaven forbid the course of true love, as the play says, should ever be made rough by me."

"Then if you've not come on business, and don't want ale, why do you come both-er"—

"Oh, pray don't mention it—the pleasure is all on my side, I'm sure; and the honour, too. I'm staying in these parts with my friend Squire Carew, of Hornacombe."

The Parson pitched his surplice into a corner. "Humph!" he growled. "Then you'll know well enough why I wouldn't have told that, neither by your being to church, nor by your passing the ale. However, if Squire Carew's got any sort of a friend, I'm not the man to grudge him. He'll want 'em all, before he's done."

"Ah, Sir!" said the Captain, "It was the true pastor, who knows every spot and blemish in his flock, that spoke there. I can quite understand that my being a guest at Hornacombe should not prove my best recommendation to these sacred walls. But we men of the world, and more especially we who serve the King" (he raised his fingers, in the manner of a salute, to his forehead), "get mixed in our company—very mixed indeed. It was my good fortune to have saved Squire Carew's perhaps not very valuable life: and he has the virtue of gratitude. It may be that I shall do him more real service before I have done. I have"—

"The jaw of Old Harry, young gentleman. Let's come to business. I've got a sick cow to mind, and a new maid to look for in a parish of thieves and liars and scandalmongers: and the only hot dinner I get in the week waiting. 'Gnaw the bone which is fallen to thy lot,' as it is said in the Hebrew. Now, out with it, lad. You've come from Hornacombe—we've got so far."

"The truth is, Sir, that I wished to express my astonishment at finding a scholar of your calibre buried, so to speak, in such a nook and corner. With Latin and Hebrew at your fingers' ends, and throwing them before swine—by George!"

"Eh? Well, it's true enough, as they say in the next parish, that Stoke Juliot is the last place Heaven made, and the first the devil will take. . . . And as plain Mother-English is Greek to them, 'tis all the same whether I give them Parson Pengold or Parson Euripides. For myself, I prefer Parson Euripides."

"Allow me, Sir, to prefer Parson Pengold; though doubtless the other gentleman is excellent in his way. Your sermon this morning was not long; but it was sharp and straight to the point, and full of learning. I judge by sample—and I flatter myself I understand pulpit eloquence as well as any man. You ought to be preaching in Windsor—by gad you ought, Sir, not here. As I was saying to my old friend the Bishop of Herechester only the other day ('twas at my friend Joe Norris's—Sir Joseph Norris, you know), what we want in the church is a man who'll give it 'em hot all round, with none of your bush-beating. 'But where's such a man, Quickset?' asks the Bishop. 'My Lord,' said I, 'on my honour as an officer and a gentleman who serves the King, confound me if I know.' But the next time I meet his Lordship, I shall say—My Lord, I know that man."

Parson Pengold's heavy face assumed a look that was almost pathetic; and some sort of dew rose into his eyes.

"There's one big tomb in this churchyard," said he. "And it's lettered, *Here lies Ambition*. . . . But one don't meet a gentleman and a scholar every day. You can eat beef, I suppose, if you can't drink ale. If you can put up with a rump and a junket, come and see my pigs—not the two-legged ones, but the four."

"If there's one thing I admire, next to a scholar, 'tis a pig," said Captain Quickset. "And I can eat beef and drink ale too, in good company. We often escape from becafcos and burgundy to a plain steak and porter, my friend Joe Norris and I."

CHAPTER II.

VENI, VIDI, VICI.

Stoke Juliot, among many peculiarities, possessed one exceedingly common thing—a legend. Experts in folk-lore will no doubt perceive a good many family likenesses in it to a dozen traditions that are only just on their death-beds elsewhere, and may argue that the souls whereof Parson Pengold had the care were somewhat deficient in originality of imagination. Nevertheless the story of Michael Scot's Redcap was not likely to have travelled all the way, without the help of print, to North Devon from the Scottish Border; and, with the help of print, less likely still. It may be, after all, that Stoke Juliot was the mother soil of its favourite legend: or it may be that the story was true, and had really happened in one place just as much as in a dozen more. At any rate, it has one quality of truth, that it can be very quickly told.

The general repute of Stoke Juliot in those parts for all manner of evil was so high, and in some respects so well founded, that for a man to leave his name behind him as synonymous with that of an incomparable villain must have been very far from an easy thing to do. Nevertheless, this distinction had been actually attained by one Horneck—and perhaps even he would have failed had he not come originally from another parish, so that in blaming him for its own sins, Stoke Juliot may have felt the less guilty of inconsistency. When that terrible old story was charged upon Parson Pengold's flock, of how a great West Indian was drawn to its doom in Skulleross Bay by a false light (and there is none so terrible), the retort was ready, "That hap come in o' Horneck, and he were none o' we." Whether that arch-villainy were true or false, Horneck was not only a smuggler, which was to his credit, nor only a wrecker, which meant no more than what to win by another's loss means to men of business now, but he aspired to create the chances that Heaven forgot to send: just as in later time he would not have been content with merely taking fair advantage of financial panics and inflations, but would have actively promoted them. In short, he followed the otherwise respectable calling of wreckage as a brigand and murderer, on a scale only limited by opportunity. Not even at Stoke Juliot had it been held fair play to set a trap for a ship, and to strangle those of the crew whom the rocks spared, till Horneck came—nor were these things considered reputable (be it said to the people's credit) after he was gone. But it is matter, not of legend but of history, that this finished scoundrel, during his happily short career, ruled all Stoke Juliot like a Rhenish robber-liege, and defied such law of the land as that Heaven-forgotten corner knew. For that matter, when Lundy Island, not far away, was ruled by a pirate chief with Spaniards and even Moors among his subjects, the law thereabouts plainly had not much to do or say. At last this Horneck obtained the blue ribbon of legend by having it understood of him that he had sold his soul to a greater demon still, according to this bargain—that he should be a free man, to do his own will, till his purchaser should find him a task that should baffle his own craft and cunning. For long he contrived to hold his own. But at length the greater craft of his master hit upon the device of twisting all Hornacombe sands into ships' cables. And, whether he be dead or alive, he is at it still—for so gigantic is his pluck that, after three hundred years' failure to twist an inch of whip-cord, old Horneck won't give in.

But Cables of Sand, indeed? Nay—deserts: such an expanse of sand that you might walk all the miles between

Skulleross Bay and Sack Point without leaving a foot-print, all was so firm and hard: and so broad that at low tide the most landward line of grey surf seemed to coincide with the ofing. This was Hornacombe Sands—an immense brown flat, parting the cliffs to the far north from the cliffs to the far south, with no sign of human neighbourhood but a limekiln, of animal life but the rabbit burrows among the clouds of high dunes above high water, of vegetation but the forests of sea-reed and marram that hid the latter, and without a break save one huge black rock, rising like a broken steeple from the midst of all—the very smithy where old Horneck toiled at his chains of sand all night long.

The scene must have been barren even to desolation in cloudy weather—desolate even to grandeur under wind and rain. But this Sunday morning the whole desert seemed one vast, broad smile. The sky was a blue lake, among white alps of motionless cloud, and the sun, still high, turned a million pools into as many sparkling dimples. The far-off foam rolled in with its faint music, as white and light as falling snow-flakes: and there was just enough breeze to variegate the dunes with a double shade of moving green.

In an elbow of the broken black steeple, smoking the blackest ship tobacco from a broken black pipe, sprawled Squire Carew of Hornacombe—the best-bored man in Devon, bar none.

Such an introduction is not attractive. But, as Francis Carew is the hero of this romance (if he can be called any sort of a hero), at least as much descriptive attention is due to him as was freely paid to Parson Pengold, or Captain Quickset, or Nance Derrick. For that matter, it was of Nance Derrick that he was thinking just then—and yet he was bored.

If he had not been bored, he would have gone to church to see her, instead of sacrificing her to such a rival as a black pipe in solitude. Nor was there any reason why he should not have gone there to see, as well as to be seen: for, though his face was nothing to boast of, in the matter of build and shoulders he might have given the best man in Stoke St. Juliot's odds, and come off the winner. He was certainly nothing like so large as the parson—happily for himself; but his modest seventy inches were made the most of in the matter of natural strength, and he had the grace of youth besides. By grace, however, he set little store; for while all the rest of the parish (save the Vicar) was dressed in its Sunday best, the Squire had apparently made a point of giving the gulls and the rabbits and the sandpipers the benefit of his very worst—which was very bad indeed, for a Squire. He looked like a fisherman with a touch of the gamekeeper; or, much more accurately, like a wrecker with a dash of the poacher. Or, perhaps, like a blackguard with a dash of the gentleman, or a gentleman running into blackguard, each meeting each midway—the blackguard being past the line. On the whole, it was not strange that the Vicar should have been surprised to see a guest from Hornacombe in church or vestry.

When I say that Francis Carew was thinking of Anne Derrick, I used too strong a word. Thinking, even were I capable of it, was not in his line. Therefore am I spared the trouble of saying what his thoughts were. Only, somehow, the dark eyes, young mouth, and brown cheeks, blent themselves with the glory of that autumn day, and made the young man feel more than ever bored. The reason why dogs and hogs are never bored is that they never see anything that is not before their eyes. Francis Carew had thus to pay the penalty of his purely accidental superiority over birds, beasts, and fishes in the scale of creation. Absence of content was only turned into the vague presence of discontent by the intrusion of a note that was unreal. For—alas for him!—he had an estate of two hundred and twenty pounds a year, no friends, no tastes, and nothing to do but enjoy himself all day long. He had not inherited with his estate even so much as a single family tradition; while two hundred and twenty pounds a year seemed to him so much that he felt no need to make it more. He had inherited from a cousin of whom he knew nothing: and, when Hornacombe fell to him, he was walking straight from his mother's funeral to the quarters of the nearest marching regiment, and was almost as disappointed as the recruiting officer when the news of his good fortune followed him. If the news had only come before shedied! But if there is no good in going forward to meet trouble half way, there is still less in going back to catch it after it has gone by. So, at the age of two-and-twenty, Francis Carew, the scape-grace of the little country town in Wiltshire, whence he came, the dunce of its ancient grammar school, the spendthrift son of a widowed mother (who died in the belief that he was a paragon), changed his route, and, instead of taking the road to death or glory, came to Hornacombe, in Stoke St. Juliot's—where, at any rate, he could do but little active harm, if harm is to be measured by the breadth of its field.

He had lounged out late to the steeple rock, and had sprawled there like a log, taking no account of time—as why should he, seeing that time was all his own? But he was presently disturbed by a call from below.

"Squire, ahoy! If you've got those ten guineas about you, chuck them down!"

"You've won, then, eh, Caleb?" asked Carew, yawning, and drawing his knees up till he could clasp them with his arms.

"*Veni, vidi, vici!*" crowed Captain Quickset. "I'm to devour beef with a bear in one hour from now."

"What! Parson Pengold asked you to dine?"

"Pardon me. Not to dine. To feed. What d'ye say to that, Frank, eh?"

"That it's a great deal too bad—to leave me to drag out all this blessed day of rest all alone. Look here, Caleb, the bet's won. You can't want to be bored with fat Parson Pengold and his swine. Let him eat his beef by himself—he'll want no help in that; and come up to the hall. We'll have a devilled herring and a nip, and shut out this beastly sunshine, and see if we can't get the bones to throw themselves up somehow new. It's all slow enough, but anyhow night isn't as bad as day. Let's make it night, now."

"No, no, Frank. I'm a man of honour. The bet's not won till I've seen and spoke to the Girl. When I said 'chuck 'em down,' I meant you might as well, seeing the guineas are as good as won. As a man of honour, I'm bound to see the whole thing through—and I will. Ask my friend Joe Norris if he ever knew Caleb Quickset go back from his word. Why, Frank, if I was to do such a thing, I'd kick myself out of my own doors, and cut myself dead on full parade."

"I see how it is," grumbled Carew, sullenly. "You're getting sick of this heaven-forsaken hole, and want a change. Well—no wonder. Enjoy yourself with Parson Pengold's pigs. Never mind me."

"Come, come—nothing of the kind: as, if you'd only stopped last night without that extra bottle, you'd very well know. Just think—I am to-day Sir Caleb Quickset, Knight of the Table Round, as they say in the play. I am going to visit a lovely, enchanted Princess in the den of a desperately big and dirty bear. Remember, we were but at the fifth bottle when you dedied me to do anything of the kind. . . . By George, Frank, you should have seen the parson rise to my compliments like a whale at a fly! I believe I promised to make him a Bishop. And I'm hanged if I haven't half a mind

to do it, too. . . . To think of your having lived all this while in the same parish with a young and lovely female, and never even to set eyes on her. While I—I hear of her last night, make friends with her to-day and to-morrow—who knows? But, by George! Frank, you don't seem to care. You haven't got as much blood in you, by George! as that big black stone. You're a good fellow, Frank; but I don't believe you know a woman from a haystack. While I—give me one half hour with the best of them, and she's a gone girl. By the way, talking of girls, there was an uncommon pretty sample at church to-day—quite kept the time from being thrown away. Nance Derrick—I've got her name pat already; I don't lose my time. If Miss Mabel Openshaw (a deuce of a queer name!) is half as pretty as Nance, you needn't expect me back till you see me. Ta ta—I mustn't let Parson's beef get cold, or the fat 'll be in the fry."

So the chatterbox left the Squire once more to his solitary meditations, such as they were. "So that's all the thanks one gets for saving a fellow from drowning!" brooded he. The first chance he gets of other company, off he goes. Well—it's but natural, I suppose; I'm poor company for a man of wit and fashion that has seen the world. . . . And it's my own fault too; it never does pay to bet after the third bottle. I don't want to know anything of Miss Mabel Openshaw. She must have a dull time of it with the Parson—pretty near as bad as mine, without him. But even she's got something to do, I suppose, if it's only to give the pigs their wash, and to milk the cow. One *must* do something; confound it all! And there's nothing to do; and even Quickset, with all his fashionable friends, and his Lords and his Ladies, can't stay here for evermore. I almost wish the fellow had never come; what it'll be when he's gone, the devil only knows. If only a big wreck would come in-shore, or a thunderstorm, or even a puppet-show—any mortal thing, big or small. . . . I wish I were old Horneck himself. I'll ask him to let me help him. He'll be some sort of company, any way, when Quickset's gone."

In this humour of discontent he pulled himself out of his corner, and lounged, knee deep in dry sand, across the dunes, towards Phil Derrick's, his bailiff and keeper—not that he was thinking of Nance, but he was disappointed by his friend's desertion, and his feet seemed to tramp that way of their own accord.

(To be continued.)

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

MARSEILLES.

July 1.

I am not a conscientious tourist. I hate guide-books, and my first impulse on arriving in a new place is carefully to avoid everything which might be classed under the category of monuments, sights, or curiosities. Give me a map of the town or a view from some neighbouring height, and then let me ramble about at will and receive impressions as I please. After all, why should one be the obedient servant of a guide-book? Why should one feel bound to visit this museum and that statue because Baedeker commands? Why should one strive to admire this or that architectural detail because Mr. Murray's man has chosen to be struck by it? How often have I marvelled at those forlorn visitors whom you see wandering wearily through the galleries of the Louvre, guide-book in hand, stopping before this and that picture indicated as remarkable, reading the description in the red-covered volume, and finding the inventory to be correct up to date. Half the tourists who visit the Louvre are so absorbed in the business of checking Baedeker that they do not see the collections.

I am happy to say that I have spent a week at Marseilles without having set foot inside any church, museum, picture gallery, prison, sewer, or lighthouse, and nevertheless I have found the city most interesting. My impression during the first day spent amongst the Marseillais was that their chief occupations were drinking absinthe and riding in tramway cars. The town is traversed in every direction by long open tram-cars with cornices and curtains cut in Moorish scrolls, and, above, the indication of the routes—Joliette, Castellane, Les Catalans, Prado, Belle-de-Mai, Vallée d'Auriol, Les Aygalades, and a dozen other pretty names that seem to be full of sunlight. Whatever the direction the route is charming, for modern Marseilles is a city of beautiful avenues shaded with immense plane-trees and freshened by fountains; and as the land is a combination of hill and dale one is constantly catching glimpses of the port and harbour. One of the tramway routes runs along the Corniche road, from the footpath of which you may throw your line directly into the Mediterranean and fish for red mullets. A more delicious promenade cannot be imagined: on the land side the rocks, with aloe growing in the crevasses, are crowned by pretty villas and luxuriant trees; on the other side is the sea, blue with a blueness which you do not know in the north, and smiling with countless ripples, according to the formula of Sophocles, *anerithmon gelasma*. The Corniche road is admirable in every respect; for, after having charmed us with the view, amused us midway with the pompous Greco-Gallic title of a hydropathic establishment, *établissement thalassothérapique*, it finally conducts us to the famous restaurant of La Réserve, where alone you can eat bouillabaisse in perfection.

The amount of absinthe-drinking that takes place at Marseilles is phenomenal. Please observe that I do not say, "the amount of absinthe drunk," for I would not for the world calumniate the Marseillais, for whom the process of absinthe-drinking is evidently a pure pretext for social and commercial intercourse. The great street in Marseilles is the Rue Cannebière, and the Rue Cannebière is the Boulevard Montmartre of Paris raised in intensity; the shady side is an almost unbroken series of cafes, with rows of tables occupying half the footpath, and from early morning until late night these tables are occupied by Marseillais talking, smoking, and drinking. On each table are the necessary glasses, a little decanter full of syrup of gum, and two or three bottles containing absinthe, bitters or vermouth—for the custom here is for each man to help himself to drink, and not to have it poured out stintingly, as at Paris, by a waiter or *verseur*. I must say that my observation has not revealed the Marseillais as a peculiarly noisy, gesticulating, swaggering, or tall-talking people such as it is usual to represent them on the stage of the Palais Royal Theatre. Nor have I discovered in the features of the men or the women traces of antique beauty attributable to their supposed Phœcean origin. One thing that strikes one in the women, especially in those of the lower classes, is the outrageous frizziness of their front hair. In Marseilles the curling-iron triumphs, and on the footpath at the door of each barber's shop you will see a squat truncated cone-shaped brasero surmounted by a brilliant brass kettle. The kettle contains shaving water for the men, and in the charcoal ashes of the brasero are stuck, like the quills of the prickly porcupine, curling-irons for the use of the girls.

In many respects the physiognomy of the Cannebière resembles that of the Paris boulevards, and amongst its habitués are vendors of microscopic dogs, opera-glasses, nick-nacks, and the Turk who offers you embroidered slippers, "*pantofli*," just

as at Paris. But you have in addition swarms of bare-footed street arabs, who pick up cigarette and cigar stumps; and there is more noise and movement, owing to the heavier traffic. The harness of the Marseilles horses and mules is peculiar: the saddle rises very high and steep, and the collar tapers up into a lofty horn, shaped like that of a rhinoceros. Some of the horses wear straw hats, and the cabs are provided with fringed awnings. Is the heat, then, so very great? Well, to be frank, the sun is rather warm at Marseilles; but, at the same time, there is a fresh sea-breeze, and of late it has been even too fresh. But the glare of the sun is most intense, and



SECOND PAVEMENT OF VILLA.

renders particularly grateful the shady avenues and the voluminous draperies suspended along the streets. Owing to the violence of the northerly wind called the *mistral* the Marseillais cannot employ ordinary blinds and shades: they have over their windows a system of bare poles running out horizontally, and tied with rods and girders, and on these poles they rig up an awning with cords and pulleys. At the first symptom of the approach of the *mistral* every rag is hauled down and the wind is allowed to whistle at will amidst the rigging. These awnings, of great variety of colour and form, with their poles and cordage, give a most maritime aspect to the whole city.

The shoe-blacks of Marseilles use colossal brushes studded with brass nails, and their customers are enthroned on tall arm-chairs. The flower-girls occupy picturesque and elevated kiosks, from which they dominate the crowd. The new streets are broad and long, and the whole town, with its splendid port and quays, its fine stone houses, and its brilliant shops, gives one an impression of wealth and prosperity. The Marseillais,

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1880) of George Morrison, late of Hampworth Lodge, Downton, in the county of Wilts, Esquire, who died on April 4 last, was proved in the district registry office at Salisbury, on May 30, by his brothers Charles and Walter Morrison and his cousin, Leonard Downes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £330,000. The testator, after charging certain estates, of which he was tenant for life, with a jointure of £1000 a year in favour of his widow, bequeaths to her all his furni-

ture and household effects, farming stock, and an immediate legacy of £2000; and legacies to Charles and Walter Morrison of £500 each, and to Leonard Downes £5000. He gives to his widow, for life, the whole of his real estate at Hampworth and elsewhere, and the income of his personal estate; and after her death, the whole of both the real and personal estate is given to his nephew, Harold Charles Moffatt.

The will (dated March 8, 1883) of Mr. James Frederick Ponsford, late of No. 15, Porchester-terrace, Bayswater, who died on April 17 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by William Ponsford, the brother, and Arthur Bird, the executors; the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to each of the three eldest daughters of his brother William; £2000 to each of the two youngest daughters of his said brother; annuities of £75 each to his aunt Miss Chapman and to Emily Gutch; and other legacies. All the property to which he is entitled under the will of his father and under a certain settlement he leaves to his nephew, James Frederick William, the



TESSELLATED PAVEMENT OF A ROMAN VILLA.

I need hardly say, are fervent Republicans. The inscription on the Arch of Triumph at the top of the Cours Belsunce is "A la République Marseille reconnaissante." T.C.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN BERKSHIRE.

A Roman villa has lately been opened, mainly by the efforts of Mr. R. Walker, of Uffington, Berkshire, on the property of the late Lord Craven, at Woolston, in the Vale of the White Horse. Its situation is just under the hill of the White Horse. The pavement shown in our first Illustration, from a drawing by Mr. Herbert J. Reid, of Donnington, Newbury, is a very fine specimen of the third-century tessellæ. We give also an Illustration of a second pavement found on the same spot, and one of a skeleton, believed to be that of a Saxon inhabitant. There were six skeletons altogether, and it is supposed that the villa was occupied by Saxons after the retirement of the Romans. The pavement of which we give an Illustration is

eldest son of his brother the said William Ponsford; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his said brother.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Dumbarton, signed May 14 last, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 7, 1876), with a codicil, (dated Jan. 30, 1878), of Mr. William Colquhoun, late of Rosdhu House, Luss, Dumbartonshire, who died on March 22 last, granted to George Thomas Kinnear and Colin George Macrae, the executors nominate, has been sealed in London, the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland exceeding £57,000.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1880) of Mr. William Leslie, formerly of No. 22, Tichborne-street, Edgware-road, but late of No. 32, Grove-street, Edinburgh, who died on April 22 last, has been proved by Miss Helen Leslie, the sister, and Adam Proctor, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths all the cash in his house, at his banker's, and to his credit with



SUPPOSED SAXON SKELETON FOUND IN THE ROMAN VILLA.

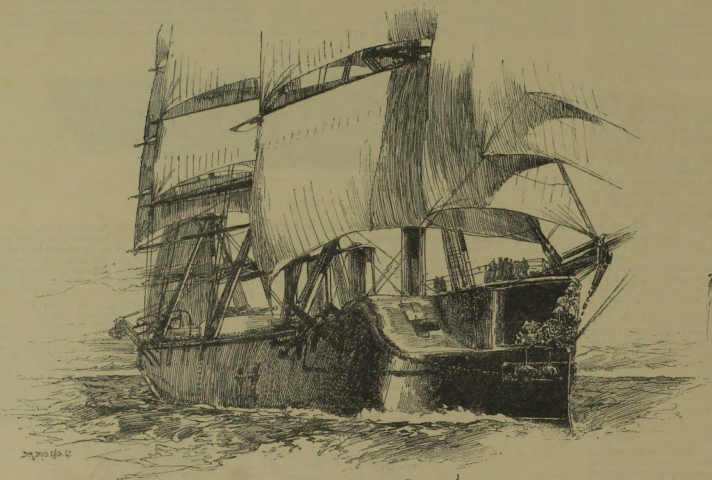
now removed to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The excavations are being proceeded with, and it is expected that a great deal more will yet be discovered.

A meeting for the purpose of founding an emigration aid society for the parish of Kensington was held on Thursday in the Vestry Hall, Lord Aberdare presiding. The Marquis of Lorne moved a resolution declaring that it was expedient to assist the emigration of carefully-selected working men and domestic servants to colonies where their services were needed. The resolution was carried.

We have received, from clergymen and others, numerous appeals to the public for help to give poor children a day in the country; but, unhappily, we have not space at our disposal for the purpose to give even a list of the claims. This, however, is perhaps not greatly to be regretted, seeing that persons disposed to aid in the good work can readily find, in their own neighbourhoods, many such laudable agencies, actively, yet quietly, engaged in like objects for the poor of their localities, without appealing to the general public for funds.

Messrs. Allison and Co., and all his furniture and jewellery, to his said sister Helen, and £100 to his executor Mr. Proctor. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, as to one third for each of his sisters, Mrs. Anne Proctor, Miss Helen Leslie, and Miss Mary Leslie, for their respective lives; and, subject thereto, for his nephews and nieces, Adam Proctor, John Proctor, James Proctor, Helen Proctor, and Margaret Somerville.

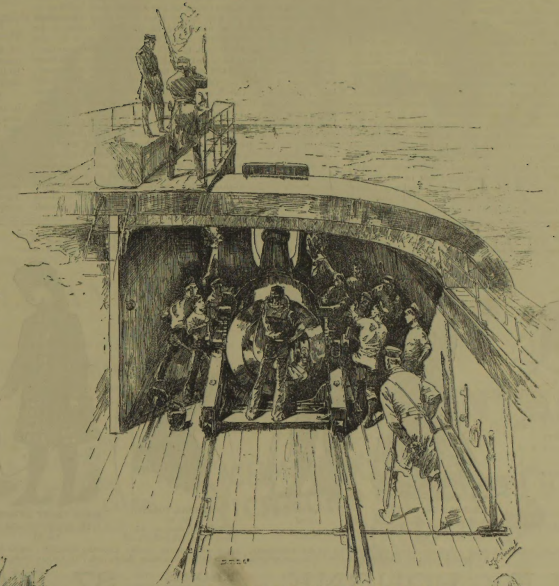
The will (dated Aug. 28, 1875), with three codicils (dated May 18, 1876, June 28, 1877, and Aug. 10, 1879) of Miss Ann Ball, late of No. 16, St. Paul's-place, Ball's-pond, who died on May 7 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Richard Benjamin Kemp and Benjamin Coulson Robinson, serjeant-at-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to the School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields; the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Children, Old Kent-road; the Hospital for Worn-out Mariners in the Merchant Service; the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £100 each to the dispensary formerly called Aldersgate-street Dispensary,



A SWIFT CRUISER.



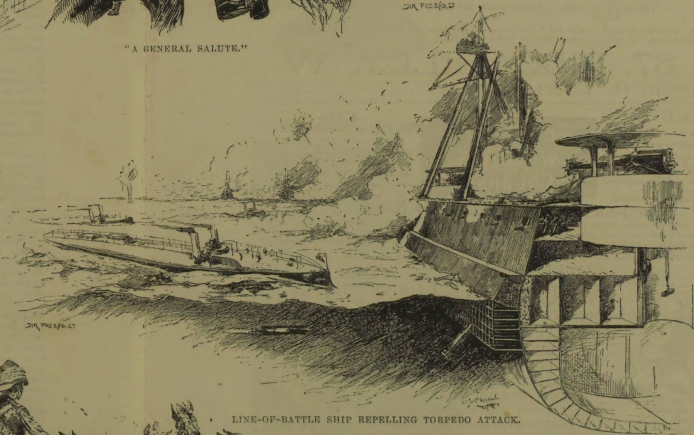
"A GENERAL SALUTE."



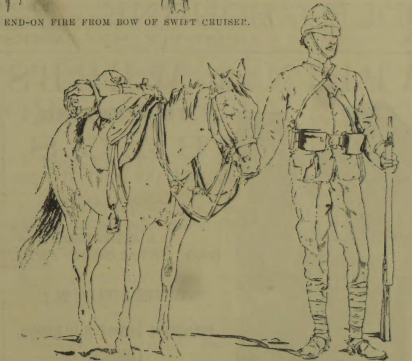
END-ON FIRE FROM BOW OF SWIFT CRUISER.



BATTLE OF SALAMANCA: RUNNING DOWN THE HERMANITO.



LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP REPELLING TORPEDO ATTACK.



A PRIVATE IN THE MOUNTED INFANTRY.



PRUSSIAN DRAGOON OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.



MOUNTED INFANTRY REPELLING ATTACK OF CAVALRY.



EVE OF THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA: WADING THE RIVER TORMES.

which was held in Shaftesbury House; the Ball's-pond Dispensary; the Sailors' Orphan School, lately removed from Bow to Snaresbrook; the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street; the Sea-bathing Infirmary, Margate; the Royal Bethlehem Hospital for Lunatics; St. George's Hospital; the Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road; the Children's Hospital, Shadwell; the Crèche Hospital, Stepney-causeway; the Earlwood Asylum for Idiots; the Postman's Orphanage Asylum; the Hospital for Children and Adults; Tottenham Green; Grey's-yard Ragged Church and Schools; Lower Seamore-street, Westminster; the Society for the Relief of Foreigners in Distress; the Accident Relief Society, 23, Great Winchester-street; the Adult Blind Asylum, Oxford-street; the Female Preventive and Reformatory, 200, Easton-road; the Society for Promoting Female Education, 32, Cheapside; Providence-row Night Refuge, Crispin-street, Raven-row; the Ladies' Association for the Social Improvement of Syrian Females, established 1860; and Mrs. Gladstone's Home, Woodford Hall, Essex; £50 each to the Episcopal Church Missionary Society; the Mariners' Friend Society, No. 19, Old Gravel-lane; the Bethel Schools Society, Sussex Coast, Worthing; the Bethel and Reading-Rooms, 153, Ratcliffe-highway; and the Seamen's Bethel and Sunday Schools; £10 to the Home for Starving Dogs at Islington; £440 Consolidated Stock of the East Indian Railway Company each to Christ's Hospital, Newgate-street, and the Charterhouse; £200 capital stock of the East Indian Peninsular

Railway Company each to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield; St. Thomas's Hospital, Stangate Creek; Guy's Hospital, Southwark; the Metropolitan Hospital, Bishopsgate; the London Hospital, Mile-end; the German Hospital, Dalston; and the Society of Moravian Brethren; £100 Three per Cent Consols to each of the poor-boxes of the police courts of the Mansion House, Bow-street, Worship-street, and Lambeth; £500 Consolidated Stock of the East Indian Railway in aid of the funds of five native schools of the Protestant religion in Calcutta, or elsewhere in the East Indies, to be selected by her executors; £200, to be distributed by her executors in sums of £10 each, to such deserving persons as they may select, who may have lost all their effects by fire and have been uninsured within the last six months prior to her decease; two sums of £500 Consolidated Stock of the East Indian Railway Company to the Royal Society for Preserving Life from Shipwreck, one to provide a life-boat, to be called the "Ann, John, and Mary," for the Lincolnshire coast, and the other sum to provide a life-boat, to be called the "Endeavour," for the preservation of life from shipwreck on the Irish coast; £50 each to six episcopal curates of the Church of England, to be selected by her executors, whose respective incomes are less than £100 per annum, and who shall have each more than four children; £100 to and amongst such and so many poor ministers of the Protestant faith whose incomes are less than £100 per annum, as her executors shall select, to be expended by them in books; and numerous other legacies. All the residue and

surplus arising from lapsed legacies the testatrix directs her executors to divide between the several hospitals and dispensaries named in her will and codicils; and she states that, if she should in her lifetime give to any of the said charitable institutions the money or stock respectively bequeathed to them, and she has entered it in her book kept for that purpose, it shall be deemed a satisfaction of the legacy.

The tercentenary of Uppingham School was celebrated on Thursday week amid great rejoicings.

A numerous attended dinner given by the president and committee of the City Orthopaedic Hospital was held at the Holborn Restaurant last week. The Lord Mayor presided, supported by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex and others.

The Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway has resigned the incumbency of Trinity Church, Ayr, which he held for fifty-two years. The Bishop was recently presented with a pastoral and episcopal ring, on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his episcopacy.

Lord Chelmsford presided on Thursday week over the anniversary festival of the Infant Orphan Asylum, which was held in the building of the institution at Wanstead. The prizes having been distributed by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Thesiger, a déjeuner was subsequently held, at which subscriptions to the amount of £2094 were announced.

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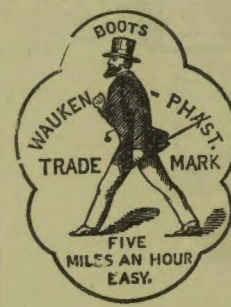
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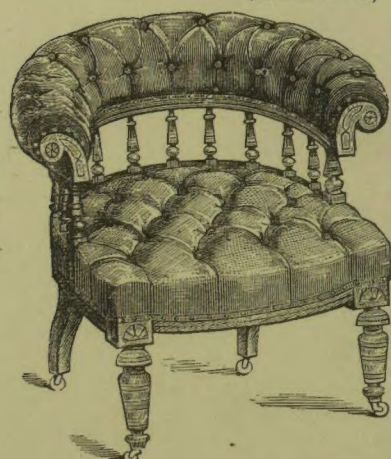
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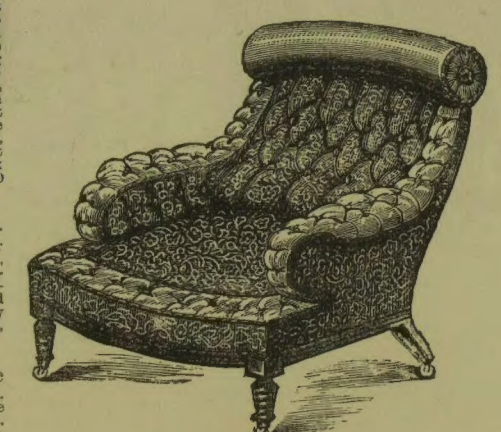
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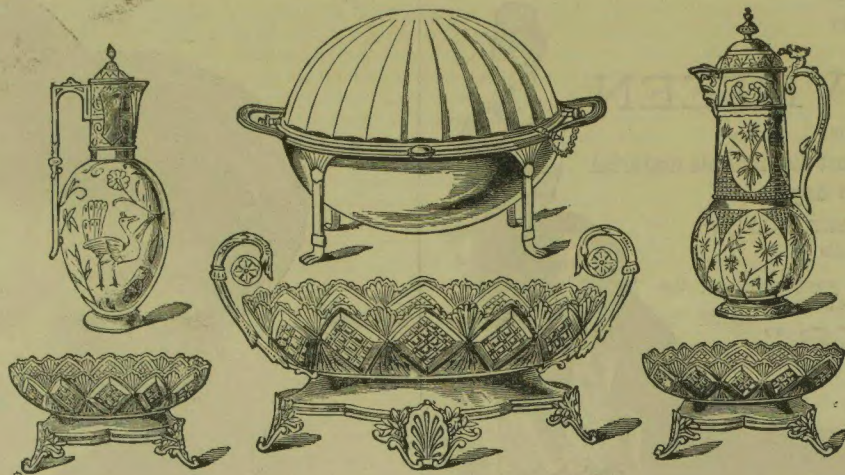
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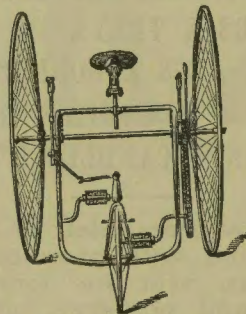
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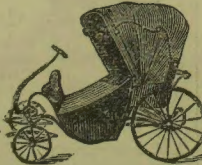
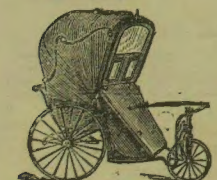
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